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ROMISH AVARICE.

BY EUGENE LAWRENCE.

M. COQUEREL—no incompetent authority—thinks the Romish Church the source of the grave troubles of his country, of the misfortunes of Italy and Spain. He repeats only the lesson of history; yet he could scarcely have been prepared to find in America the same fatal influence blighting the hopes of freemen. Of all the vices of the papal see not the least constant and dangerous has been avarice. Its passion for accumulating lands and endowments has disturbed and oppressed society in every European nation, impoverished England until, under HENRY VIII., it confiscated all the possessions of its priests, hastened the French revolution by enormous peculations, weighed down Italy and Spain until their suffering people have seized upon the wide domains of the papacy, exasperated Germany, and covered Mexico and South America with apparently endless misfortunes.

The same career of priestly rapacity has begun in our own city, and has advanced with more than European vigor. No savage king or servile despot of the Middle Ages was ever more bountiful to his Romish allies than our Democratic rulers. In Europe the wealth of the ruling sect was the slow growth of centuries. In New York two decades have sufficed to enrich the Romish Church from the public treasury. While taxation has risen to an intolerable severity, while the city debt has been steadily increasing until suddenly it is discovered that we are in a condition of almost hopeless insolvency, while enormous frauds have consumed the earnings of the poor and diminished the profits of the industrious, the lavish endowments of a foreign priesthood have never ceased, and millions have been squandered to maintain Catholic institutions, to preserve the integrity of the Romish faith.

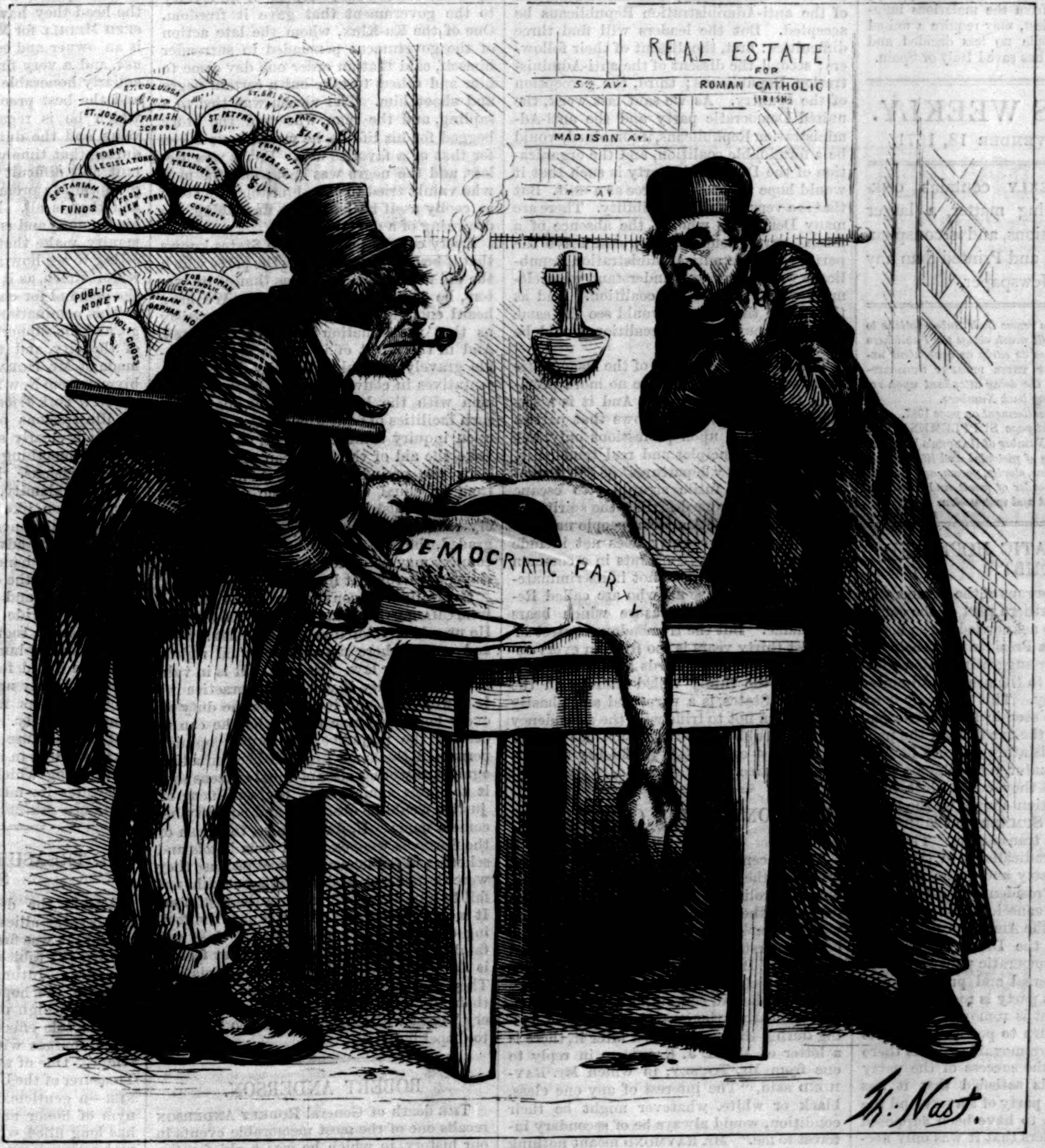
How numerous these sectarian charities have become, how many Romish asylums, protectories, and private almshouses line the streets of our city, not many know; but every one is familiar with the large sums required for their support. An orphan house occupies a block of the most costly land of the city. The property on which it stands was granted on a perpetual lease, for a nominal rent, in 1846 or '47; it is maintained, in part, by a large yearly appropriation. Its annual cost to the city can not be less than one hundred thousand dollars, including the interest upon the value of the land; yet it is safe to say that all its inmates might be maintained in the public institutions, or lodged, at a moderate cost, in some country home. A cathedral of unusual size has sprung up next to the orphan asylum. It occupies a block of ground of enormous value. Grave suspicions rest upon the manner in which this land was obtained, and it would be well for its owners to satisfy the public mind by exhibiting their title. Fortunately for the city, one of the leases of the orphan asylum contains a clause of revocation, and was, no doubt, intended to enable the people to recall the grant whenever they should think proper to do so. Of the "Protectory," whose large endowment and excessive yearly cost every citizen is conscious of, it can only be said that all its beneficiaries might be cheaply provided for in the city institutions. The foundling asylum received half a million in land and money from the unstinted liberality of our present rulers. Its death rate is extraordinary: the public charities are prepared to supply its place, perhaps with more encouraging results.

We have noticed these institutions as the chief examples of their class; they are surrounded by a throng of similar charities, controlled by the Romish priesthood. For the honest laborers in the cause of humanity we have a lasting sympathy. We should rejoice to see the Romish Church pour forth its wealth in saving its poor from want, and softening the ills of its suffering people. But when it extracts such extravagant sums from an overburdened community, controls the city by a political party, and endows itself from the liberality of an unscrupulous faction, its charity is converted into selfish avarice, and it enters once more upon that course of ambitious greed which has forced every European nation to recall its gifts to the priesthood. Charity, we must remember, was the pretext under which Rome engrossed the fairest lands of Germany, and spoiled Italy and Spain.

If the Romish priesthood had possessed discretion, they would have carefully avoided any recurrence, in the New World, to that dishonest policy which has enraged against them the people of the Old. They would have come among us as one of many sects. They would have claimed no superiority except in humility and good deeds. They would have laid aside ambition; would have joined in no political movements; would have proved by an open reform that they had repented of their evil deeds in past history; were prepared to win a new reputation in all future ages. Unhappily they have entered boldly upon the opposite course. All that is bad in their past policy they would revive: the gentle teachings of FÉNÉLON, the ominous remonstrances of DÖLLINGER and HYACINTHE, they neglect. "The Catholic press of the United States," says, in effect, a foreign review, "is more bigoted and more hostile to freedom than the European: it teaches rebellion, persecution, and the final fall of the republic." The Romish Church has become once more an active political party. Its adherents vote on that side which promises them the largest share of power. It aims to rule in our wealthy cities. It has already become a source of discord and moral decay. It has suffered its officials to plunder the public without stint so long as it is allowed to share in the spoil. It has no word of reproof for its dishonest adherents. It must prepare in future to be treated as a political faction rather than a Christian sect; to be studied with keen accuracy by the patriot; reviewed by the swift insight of letters; pointed at by a HYACINTHE or a COQUEREL as a ceaseless cause of human woe; must deserve the rebukes of modern civilization, and sink beneath the scorn of the community it has rifled and betrayed.

As a political faction it can scarcely hope for any lasting success. It may hold New York in its grasp a few years longer. It may disturb the peace of quiet towns with riots and disorder. It may place in office men shameless and corrupt. But the same unpopularity that has followed the priestly rulers of Europe must attend them here, and any party that trusts for its victories to the support of a foreign Church will dwindle to a small minority. In Europe the firmest opponents of the Romish rule are Catholics who prefer the interests of their country to the advancement of the Church. The people of Italy, while still professing the faith of Rome, maintain their free schools, their liberal institutions, and have destroyed the temporal power in defiance of the anathemas of an infallible pope. It is a promising trait in our own politics that many intelligent and honest Catholics have denounced that dangerous policy upon which their Church has entered, would accept no bribes from dishonest rulers, and inculcate obedience to the laws.

Still, however, there must be a vigorous struggle, and it will demand all the watchful zeal of the patriotic to expel from our midst the corrupting influence of Romish politics. Only a year ago the nation was in signal danger. Possessed of New York, controlling its revenues, guiding the policy of the whole Democratic



KILLING THE GOOSE THAT LAID THE GOLDEN EGG.

"A certain man had the good fortune to possess a Goose that laid him a Golden Egg every day. But dissatisfied with so slow an income, and thinking to seize the whole treasure at once, he killed the Goose; and cutting her open, found her—just what any other goose would be."—Æsop.

party, the papal faction seemed secure of its aim; its leaders aspired to the Presidency; its lavish corruption controlled the Legislature of New York; the Democracy of the West had been purchased with bribes; and, radiating from the metropolis, as if from a centre of moral and mental decay, the Romish influence was spreading from city to city. Few dared then to denounce the priests, who, like so many of their predecessors, connived at immorality for their own ends, ruled over the public schools, and extorted great sums from the officials they had placed in power; few would see the cause of the total decay of public virtue, or the shameless vices of our rulers. It seemed as if New York had already sunk into the moral degradation of a Romish city. The spirit of independence was gone; the Romish press suggested that a republic was never lasting. A sudden shock aroused us; it was discovered that fraud, perjury, forgery, were common practices with our city officials; a general cry for honesty and reform has arisen among us; and if the vast sums of which we have been plundered, and the unequaled crimes that have been committed by our public officials, prove sufficient to teach vigilance, economy, and a pure republicanism in the future, they will not have been suffered or lost in vain. We have been snatched from more fatal ills.

Yet our danger still hovers around us: the priestly faction is still unbroken, and still remorseless and revengeful; the Jesuit stands behind the guilty men, his benefactors, teaching them defiance; the Romish party seeks to retain them in office; the Romish press suggests the fall of the republic. To save all that we have inherited of freedom, education, political purity, and republican vigor from the malarious influence of the foreign priest, may require a united movement of the people no less decided and rapid than that which has saved Italy or Spain.

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THE DEMOCRATIC HOPE AND DOUBT.

The leaders and organs of the Democratic party in the Northern part of the country appear tacitly to acknowledge the hopelessness of electing a President by their organization. They are suggesting union with all who are opposed to the present Administration and its policy. This tendency is so strong that we have seen in Democratic papers exhortations to the members of the party in the Ohio Legislature to vote for ex-Secretary Cox as Senator, if by alliance with liberal Republicans they could elect him. The sudden admiration shown by the same papers for Senators Sumner and Schurz is as amusing as it is transparent. The dull platitudes about "radicalism" in the same organs, and their petty and futile personal attacks upon the President, reveal a deep and disheartening consciousness that the mind and heart of the American people are turned away from the Democratic party. But we see in no Democratic paper an effort to explain the universal and profound distrust with which its party is regarded.

Until that distrust is removed the party can not hope to return to power. But it is a distrust which is irremovable; nor is there any probability of the success of the party until the country is satisfied that it has ceased to be the old party of slavery and the rebellion. It seems to have been supposed by many of the leaders that it was only necessary to use certain forms of expression in order to recover popular confidence; that it would be enough to say that every thing was accepted to satisfy the country that Democratic ascendency was as safe as that of any party. That was the exquisite folly of the New Departure. For mere words avail no more in public than in private relations. Nobody is deceived when a blackguard affects courtesy, or a swindler pronounces in favor of honesty. Whatever the Democratic party, or certain papers and leaders in its name, may say, the great facts of its history, traditions, dogmas, and membership remain.

When it declared that it had an inexpressible respect for the Constitution, for instance, it is notorious that it included the great body of those who sought the destruction of the Union and of those who sympathized with the attempt. When it professed peculiar regard for liberty, the country knows that its great policy was the maintenance of slavery, and that to-day every Ku-Klux assassin hunting and shooting negroes and Union men is a Democrat. When it promises honest and economical administration, it is not forgotten that the doctrine "To the victors belong the spoils"—the very principle of political corruption—was first preached and practiced by the Democratic party. These are but illustrations of facts which are most familiar to the American people. They do not cease to be significant because in the exigency of an election some Democratic leaders insist that by-gones shall be by-gones. They are not by-gones. Every body knows that they are not by-gones. There is not an intelligent man in the land who does not know that the national success of the Democratic party would be the menace of incalculable evils. And the reason is that, whatever is said, the composition and the spirit of the party are substantially the same.

Naturally the pride and obstinacy of the leaders disincline them to the thought of disbanding. And, indeed, no party formally disbands. The old Federal and Whig parties were merged in others: they simply disappeared. And as the Democratic name and organization must, in the opinion of the leaders, be maintained, they propose, as a trick to outwit the country, that the nomination of the anti-Administration Republicans be accepted. But the leaders will find three difficulties: first, the dissent of their followers; second, the dissent of the anti-Administration Republicans; third, the perception of the country. As we said last week, the united Democratic party and the anti-Administration Republicans, if combined, would be a formidable coalition, and the organization of the Democratic party is such that it would hope to throw its force as a unit. But that is a very doubtful possibility. There are many Democrats who, in the absence of a formal party nomination, would leave the party, while the anti-Administration Republicans would very well understand what element would control the coalition. And as the rest of the country would see the same thing, the purpose of a coalition would be utterly baffled.

The last new departure of the Democratic party seems, therefore, to be no more promising than all the others. And it is a significant fact, because it shows that parties are not founded upon professions only, but upon actual principles and real tendencies. These incessant "departures" of the Democrats are only futile struggles to escape identity. The name describes the spirit and purpose which the American people naturally suspect. The country does not include all who are called Democrats in a common denunciation, as it does not indiscriminately approve or praise all who are called Republicans, or every measure which bears that name. But the tremendous contest of the last thirty years is too fresh in every aspect for us to accept words for things. The Ku-Klux, the thinly veiled anarchy in the Southern States, is a perpetual and ghastly admonition not to trifle with the ascendency of the Republican party, which has proved by the most costly tests its fidelity to liberty and justice.

THE CONVENTION OF COLORED CITIZENS.

The recent convention of the colored people of the Southern States, in Columbia, South Carolina, was notable and interesting as another demonstration of the earnest wish of that class of citizens to promote the best understanding of their feelings and purposes. In a little pamphlet called "Indices," which Mr. Sinclair Tousey has recently published, containing many brief papers indicating the current of patriotic feeling during the war and just after it, there is a letter of Mr. H. J. Raymond in reply to one from Mr. Tousey, in which Mr. Raymond said, "The interest of any one class, black or white, whatever might be their condition, would always be of secondary interest to me." Mr. Raymond meant nothing unkind. He thought that the objections to class legislation, as it is called, covered the question of special care of the freedmen, and that they must take their chance with the rest. But the abnormal condition of that class, which had been produced by the government, rightfully demanded, and for the highest reasons of justice and the public welfare, that there should be a special treatment, and that fact was recognized in the continuance of the Freedmen's Bureau.

Since that time the special care has ceased, but the peculiar hardship of the colored population has continued. The great truth of their position is well stated in the report of their Columbia convention. After saying that they do not ask to be treated with peculiar favor, the report continues: "While we have, as a body, contributed our labor in the past to enhance the wealth and promote the welfare of the community, we have, as a class, been deprived of the acquisition of labor and experience, the return that civilization makes for the labor of the individual." It is a cruel injustice to forget this. The slaves were freed in the midst of war. They had no education, no money, no land. They were ignorant and dependent children, and their old masters regarded them bitterly as the cause of their humiliation, and the living monuments of the Yankee triumph. The black codes at the end of the war showed what the feeling was toward them; and against every kind of opposition, despised and contemned, they began their exodus from slavery and degradation toward the promised land of civilization and equality.

That they have borne themselves well, no one will deny. That, with every disadvantage and discouragement, the slaves of yesterday have shown themselves to be citizens more orderly and valuable than the majority of the master race that sneered at them, is indisputable. That to-day the anarchy which undermines society in many of the Southern States is not due to them, but to the "enlightened" and "conservative" and "superior" master class, is notorious. Indeed, they are the objects of the malignant hatred of the Ku-Klux. The "chivalry" that sold babes and mothers at the auction block now wreaks its expiring vengeance upon the colored race because of its loyalty to the government that gave it freedom. One of the Ku-Klux, whom the late action of the government persuaded to surrender himself, said that an order one day came to him and others to take out a certain negro and shoot him. The victim was tied to a sapling, and the man who told the story begged for his life as he would have asked for that of a favorite dog. But it was useless, and the negro was shot: and the man who vainly tried to save him told the story as coolly as if he had been describing the drowning of a day-old kitten.

Every colored man in those States knows that if he conspicuously aids the party which the old master class hates as that of its victors, he is in peril of his life. We have heard enough in authentic ways to satisfy us that the situation is not exaggerated. And in the midst of it all the colored people gravely and calmly ask by their representatives in convention that they, in common with the laboring whites, may have such facilities of education as Congress may upon inquiry think expedient, and they invoke the aid of the American people to destroy the prejudice which excludes them from an equal chance in the various mechanical industries. And knowing that every race suffers when any part of it is degraded, they pray that the influence of the country may be directed to the abolition of slavery wherever it lingers.

Naturally the convention asked a word from Charles Sumner, which he gladly sent. He urged the colored people to insist always and every where upon their equal rights, guaranteed by law. He said, "It is in vain to teach equality if you do not practice it." It is well said, and it indicates the duty of every honorable man to do what he can to destroy the prejudice. If public opinion permitted the same kind of discrimination against any other class of equal citizens that it tolerates against this, the sentiment of justice would be obscured, and equality become a name. If, for instance, the Irish or the Germans were excluded from hotels and schools and public conveyances because they were Germans or Irish, the stigma could not fail to hurt them and to harm the rest of us. It would introduce and perpetuate the feeling of caste, which is cruel to a class and fatal to popular government. That feeling is the great foe of the colored population. They are conscious of it, as the appeal of their Southern convention shows. And every honest white American citizen will help to dispel it.

ROBERT ANDERSON.

The death of General Robert Anderson recalls one of the most memorable events in our history, in which he was a chief actor. It was only ten years ago, although it seems to have occurred in another age, so vast have been its consequences. What he did was so well done that the country was content that he should do no more. It was easy, when the results of his action appeared in the mighty resolution of the people, to say that his duty was plain, and that he could not have done otherwise. But at the time it was a simple and heroic regard for duty, which, as immediately appeared, was by no means to be universally shown, and which was of incalculable service. The brave defense of the fort and the flag touched the deepest chord of patriotism—developed, indeed, a feeling in the country which surprised itself. If there had been many another officer in Anderson's place—scores and scores that we learned to know—he would have surrendered before Beauregard made the demand, and the peaceful occupation of the fort would have perplexed the country.

It was because it was not peaceful—it was because the resistance of Anderson developed the rebellion as a war upon the government—that his service was so illustrious. Personally it was said to be hard. Family ties, traditions of many kinds, indifference to the real contest, were all said to have tended to pervert his judgment. It was possibly only the instinct of the soldier for his flag. But where was the same instinct in Lee, in Beauregard? One deed made Major Anderson famous, and henceforth he is part of our history. He was the earliest hero of a war in which heroes afterward were a glorious host; and he must not die without a thought of grateful remembrance over his grave from those whom his deed thrilled, and who enjoy the great results to which it opened the way. And as one by one the soldiers of the war depart, we shall be freshly reminded of our duty firmly to maintain what they heroically won.

THE UNION MAYOR OF CHICAGO.

The citizens of Chicago, devoting themselves to rebuilding their city, have no heart nor time for party differences, and have united upon a ticket for city officers. At the head they have placed the name of Joseph Medill for Mayor; and as Mr. Medill is an owner and editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, and a very firm Republican, it is a peculiarly honorable tribute to his character, and the best proof of the confidence with which he is regarded. The term is two years, and the duties of Mayor of Chicago during that time will be of the most important and difficult character. Mr. Medill's platform is a promise to do the best he can, and that is all. But his sound judgment, his firmness and energy, his honesty and humanity, make that enough; and it is interesting to see how a vast common misfortune restores men, as it were, to first principles—the demand for character, not for pledges.

This nomination of Mr. Medill in Chicago, and his support by the whole population of the city, and the nomination that was made of Mr. Horatio Seymour for Assemblyman from New York—a nomination which the New York *Tribune* supported—are curious as illustrations of the time. They show that it is clearly seen that there may even now be something more important than mere party divisions. In the presence of a great common calamity, like a destructive fire or a corruption like that of Tammany, strict partisan allegiance is relaxed. It is a good sign; and the advice of Mr. O'Conor is the advice of all honorable citizens at such a time. When the contest is simply between honest men and rogues, the honest men must not divide upon any pretext, unless they wish the rogues to win. Such a union has a further humanizing effect. When a man has voted for a candidate of another party expressly upon the ground of his honesty, he differs from him politically with more generosity. He does not think him a bad man because of party difference. And party spirit is in its nature so ferocious that every thing which ameliorates it, or which illustrates its mitigation, is a great public gain.

THE TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATES.

Among the desperate resources of the Democratic allies of Tammany, when the corruption was first exposed, was an attempt to turn the tables by charges of Republican rascality. Intimations were even darkly made in the hope of entangling the name of a very high officer of the government; but the sole effect was to cover the anonymous charges with instant and utter contempt. One of these assaults was upon the Treasurer of the United States, General Spinner—a gentleman whose name is the synonym of honor and financial skill, and who has long filled without the least shadow of real reproach one of the most arduous and responsible positions in the financial service of the country. The papers that thought the storm of indignation against the Tammany Ring would blow over shouted that it was "positively known that every department of the government is reeking with corruption, and that millions of the public money have been abstracted from the treasury." There was an imposing quotation of figures, and the hope was to throw suspicion upon General Spinner.

The Treasurer was then in Europe, and upon his return the article was shown to him, and he has thought it to be his duty to publish a card, in which he considers the charges in detail, and explains in the simplest and most satisfactory manner every thing which he does not plainly expose as malignantly false. Of course the charges were not believed to be true by those who made them. They were intended as a counter cry to the public voice of wrath against the Tammany thieves, and to produce a little party capital. They made a good enough MORGAN until after the election. But General SPINNER properly thought that the specific nature of the charges demanded an explanation. Yet a public officer of so pure a character naturally felt some indignation at the necessity, and his words warm into eloquence as he ends his letter. There is a just and honorable pride in his reference to himself, and his concluding sentence is one that we ought all to lay to heart. We quote the last part of General SPINNER'S card:

> "General charges against my official character, or against the management of the office given me in charge, I have never noticed. These charges were, however, made so maliciously specific that even fair-minded men who did not know me, nor the facts nor the character of those who published them, might be led to believe that there might be some foundation in truth in them.
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> "Another reason was, because I hold that the people have a right not only to believe, but to know, that their servants who administer their public affairs, or who have the custody and disposition of their money, are faithful and honest. When I first entered public life, more than forty years ago, I made it a law to myself never to do an official act that I was not willing every body should see me do. This rule I have never broken in a single instance, and so long as God continues to give me strength to adhere, I never will break it. I have now held this office more than ten years, and in that time have perhaps had all opportunities, and what would to some have been such temptations for making money as have rarely been put within the reach of any man.
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> "I might easily have become rich by speculation in stocks by my foreknowledge of the Government's intentions in advance of others. I have never used this knowledge for my own or the interest of any other person since I have been in the office, and have never engaged in any speculations, nor in any business whatever. I have given my whole time and attention, night and day, to the utter neglect of my own, to the care of the public business and interest; and in consequence am now, at that age that is the time allotted to man in this world, as poor in pecuniary things as I was on the day I came into this office. I have but little to leave to my children save an honest reputation, and that it is my purpose to keep, and, if necessary, to defend even to the extent of appealing to the criminal courts of the country for the correction of its libelers. I have never taken, nor permitted others to take, from the Treasury a single cent, nor any greater amount, except by authority of law.
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> "If there are wrongs in this office, or here in the Department, or if there have been any since I have been in it, I have been in entire ignorance of them, and feel quite sure that none others (except such as have been officially reported, and whenever reported the parties implicated have been pursued, and, when caught, were convicted and punished) have existed or do now exist. It may be doubted which does the most to undermine confidence in our republican institutions —permitting thieving officials to escape punishment, or the apathy with which the public mind receives infamous charges against trusted public officers."

ENGLISH TORIES AND REPUBLICANS.

THE leading English Tories, who were said to have made an agreement with the republicans for certain radical political changes, have thought the report of sufficient importance to contradict it formally. All important statements made upon the authority which gave currency to this story must, therefore, be received with great caution. There is no doubt of peculiar excitement in political circles in England, and of great interest among the people, arising from the reported condition of the Queen, and the want of general confidence in the Prince of Wales, or even of respect for him. The long widowed seclusion of the Queen, the strange stories which have been occasionally told of her, the words of Mr. DISRAELI—who undoubtedly said "mental" or "moral" incapacity, although he declines to explain which it was—and the fact that the Queen is the granddaughter of GEORGE the Third, indicate that there is something extremely unsatisfactory in her mental condition. The later reports of her refusing to accede to a Regency, or to consent to the marriage of one of her children, may be inaccurately told, but the belief with which they are received shows how deep the conviction is that they may be true.

There is no doubt that many of the most sagacious Englishmen believe that they are living in the last days of the monarchy. Indeed, the idea of a radical change in the form of the government has become so familiar that its accomplishment is not likely to be necessarily attended with a convulsion. The treatment of the House of Lords upon the question of the army purchase shows how entirely its hold upon the popular feeling is relaxed. The Constitution of England implies a government of King, Lords, and Commons. The victory of the Commons over the King has long been complete. That over the Lords has been sealed with the popular approval. And the Commons themselves have twice surrendered to the people—in the Reform bill of 1832 and in the late enlargement of the suffrage. The change, agreeably to the British genius, proceeds silently but swiftly. And it is agreeable to know that as yet not even the most pronounced radicals think that it must necessarily be violent.

THE MORMON TRIALS.

IF BRIGHAM YOUNG has really fled from Utah, as is reported, it is probable that another hegira of the Mormons will follow. It will not, however, be easy for them to leave the pleasant places which they have so long occupied in the valley of the Salt Lake, and to turn from their fruitful Egypt into the desert. But there seems to be no successor of YOUNG who can command the people by his personal power, and his departure would seem to involve that of the Saints, or their gradual dispersion. It is curious, should such be the result, that it is due to a law of their own upon the very subject which has most divided them from other modern civilized communities. The conviction of the Mormon husband upon the suit of one of his wives was effected under a statute of the Mormon Legislature, which the Court in its charge to the jury interpreted in accordance with the universal law of Christendom, which does not recognize polygamy. The plea that what the law holds to be a crime is held by the Mormon to be a religious duty, of course could not prevail in a court. A jury would hardly refuse to convict a man who picked a pocket, upon his plea that his religious faith enjoined a community of goods. Whether the people in a certain ward of a city should be allowed to practice bigamy because they called it a religious duty, is a question which would have but one answer.

Of the policy of the trials in the Mormon city there may perhaps be two opinions. Those who think that the moral influence of the usual Christian view is powerful enough to destroy polygamy without alienating the polygamists, and those who feel that it is an honest faith with the Mormons, which will be only confirmed by what they will regard as persecution, will regret that the trials have occurred. But it can not be denied that there is an irrepressible conflict between the two forms of society, and that when they come actually into contact, one must yield to the other. When the state proclaims religious liberty it evidently does not mean liberty to break the laws.

WOODEN PAVEMENT AND FIRE.

IT was naturally supposed after the fire at Chicago that the wooden pavement must have been a chief agent in the rapid spreading of the fire, and it has been understood that it was so. But the question is one of general interest to all who wish a durable and quiet pavement, no less than to those who are pecuniarily concerned in the manufacture and sale of the blocks. If the fact be as has been alleged, it is a very serious if not fatal argument against the use of the block pavement in cities. But we find in the Chicago *Tribune* that it is very doubtful if a stone pavement "would have stood the siege better." It says that the block pavement still stands in good order, excepting in places where it has been injured, but by no means destroyed, by the showers of brands and cinders and avalanches of red-hot bricks which fell upon it. The *Tribune* says that the heaviest of stone sidewalks were calcined and ruined.

But it has nothing to say in defense of the plank sidewalks. Indeed, it declares that they were "simply damnable." The wooden blocks in the burned district upon the South Side are in perfect order, and there is very little throughout the whole burned district which must be relaid. Indeed, it is so smooth and in such good order that it will be very serviceable in the process of rebuilding. These are pleasant things to hear, since there was, undoubtedly, a very general feeling that the fire was communicated by the pavement, because it is supposed to be soaked in tar and to be perilously inflammable. But the *Tribune* states distinctly that it has vindicated itself satisfactorily, although we were, in the absence of accurate information, of another opinion. The first reports were, of course, not to be trusted; and if the block pavement is relaid in Chicago, of which we shall take care to inform ourselves, the objection, which has been always latent, will be disposed of forever.

MISS COLUMBIA'S PUBLIC SCHOOL.

MR. NAST has illustrated recent events in "Miss Columbia's School" with that comic art in which he has no rival. Every sketch, however small, is suggestive, and a few lines often contain an important lesson. There is no weakness in his accessories, no line but has its meaning. Here are "our neutral friends," Louis and John, rejoicing over the battle between the Northern and the Southern boys, and Austria and Prussia looking on; then John lets loose the *Alabama*, and Louis sends an army of frogs to invade Mexico, and both are made to repent of their misdeeds. Next we have a dream. The locomotive of infallibility attempts to ride over Columbia's domain, and the Irish boys lay the rails. The "Cat's Paw," in which the Jesuit persuades the Irishman to seize the school funds, is one of the best pictures, and the unlucky cat is plainly burning its paws.

Comic satire could have no more fertile subject than our city administration. Our rulers plundering the people, sharing their gains with the "Church," excluding the books of Protestant booksellers from the schools, abandoning the streets of the city to the wild hordes of Irish on St. Patrick's Day, forbidding the Orange parade, discountenancing the Italian, scarcely noticing the German, and, when convicted of enormous frauds, exclaiming, "What can you do with us?" have never escaped the artist. In the "Fight in Dame Europa's School" the Irishman stands behind NAPOLEON. The "Welcome to New Cork" is a sketch of our city rulers rushing in mad haste to greet a ship-load of exiles from Erin. The "Bill-Poster" recalls the memorable proclamation against the Orange procession.

To strike the guilty and amend the follies of the age is the proper aim of the pencil as well as the pen. There are comic sketches on the walls of Pompeii, and the monks and priests of early Europe carved each other in hideous or grotesque images of stone. It is the high praise of Mr. NAST that he aims only at truth, never descends to coarseness or impropriety, abounds in novelty, and is never dull. These pleasant satires—from the first aiming of the infallible canon against the temple of liberty to the final explosion of the antiquated engine; the melancholy end of the Irish, who, being transported back to their own green isle, are at last found to have exterminated each other; the solitary shores of Erin, the peaceful triumph of Columbia—will amuse long after their purpose is accomplished.

PERSONAL.

COLONEL CHARLES GORDON GREENE, of the Boston *Post*, has just returned from his trip to Europe, and has met, of course, a right cordial reception from his friends in and out of the profession. Colonel GREENE has outlived most of those who commenced editorial life with him; and during the eighty or ninety years of his management of the *Post* he has endeared himself to all of the more youthful journalists of the United States by his kindly and gracious course toward them. In one particular Colonel GREENE is honorably distinguished: he has never forgotten the dignity of his profession; has always known where he stood; always manfully maintained what he believed to be right, and never smirched his fair fame by having to do with tricksters and jobbers. No editor in the country stands higher as a gentleman than CHARLES GORDON GREENE.

—Mr. T. A. HOYT, who, on the 17th ult., was re-elected First Vice-President of the New York Gold Exchange, was the Rev. THOMAS A. HOYT in 1860–61, and pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Louisville, Kentucky. During the war he was arrested for certain acts of disloyalty, and thrown into Newport Barracks. His disloyalty in Louisville finally became so demonstrative that General BOYLE, then commanding there, sent him out of Kentucky. Mr. HOYT is a native of South Carolina, and, out of regard to his supposed wishes, General BOYLE offered him a passport through the Union lines to go to his Palmetto friends, but he declined this also, preferring to take refuge among the "enemies of his native South." He came to New York, and finally turned up in the Gold-room. Another clergyman, the Rev. S. S. LAWS, D.D., who was permitted to retire from Missouri for disloyalty, came to this city, and went into the Gold Exchange, and for a time was its president. He is now out of the business. Mr. HOYT preached a first-class rebel sermon on President BUCHANAN'S fast-day, in January, 1861, containing a large quantity of "war to the knife." Fortunately the country still continues to exist, and Brother HOYT and the rest of us in New York are permitted to follow the peaceful and ennobling pursuits of avarice.

—Cardinal ANTONELLI is reported to be seriously ill at Rome. Although only sixty-five years old, he has for twenty-one years past been not merely Prime Minister of the Pope, but may be said to have influenced, if not inspired, during that time most of the public movements of the papal government. He is a man of great abilities, and a thorough conservative. It is understood to be by the advice of Cardinal ANTONELLI that the Pope continues to dwell in Rome with all the dignity of a sovereign and a sovereign's income, paid to him out of the public treasury of Italy. It has been said that when VICTOR EMANUEL occupied Rome the Pope was disposed to leave, but that ANTONELLI insisted on his remaining and taking the money, which has been paid with scrupulous punctuality.

—We commend to aspirants for Senatorial honors from this city the remarks of Mr. GLADSTONE during his recent visit to Scotland. Disclaiming the compliment paid to him by the Provost of Aberdeen, that the course of his life had been "onward and upward," he preferred to say that he desired that his course might be resolutely "onward" to the accomplishment of the duties he had set himself, and "upward" in an honest, if feeble, effort to purge himself from the intrusion of those lower motives which degrade the high vocation of a statesman.

—Baron GEROLT, for so many years Prussian minister to this country, has written a work on "America," the publication of which is announced in Leipsic. It will be awaited with interest by the people of the United States and by the publicists of Europe.

—There is one man in Chicago whose name should be heralded throughout the land for the daring and persistence he displayed during the fire. It was by him, to use his own words, that Chicago was saved from the necessity of "returning to the tomahawk, pre-emption, and possession," by his extraordinary luck and pluck in preserving from the fire his record books, containing indices, digests of records, judgment dockets, abstracts of title, etc., which, with the aid of proper legislation, will enable his firm to establish the title of every tract of land in the city of Chicago. He went through fear, fire, and water to save the books, and succeeded.

—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, from being the candidate of the Democratic party of Massachusetts, has been interviewed and formally catechised by the women suffragans of Massachusetts as to how he stands on that p'int. He replies: "After careful thought and some study, I am firmly and unequivocally opposed to woman suffrage, and shall feel it my duty, in the very improbable contingency of my ever occupying any considerable public office, to stand by the old immemorial division of activities and functions which seems to me to be at the foundation of society."

—The Hon. J. PROCTOR KNOTT, the witty member of Congress from Kentucky, may be said to have become substantially famous, judging by the following superscription of a letter received at the Lebanon post-office a few days ago. It came from Greensburg:

> "To lebernon Kaintucky.
> "Too Mr prok nct, hoo is a loryer thar and who lives thar
> "ef this is not ga r ap send her bak."

—As a warning to those who are seeking the place of Admiral GUEYDON, of the French navy, that marine hero, at a dinner recently given him in Paris, said: "Do not be anxious, gentlemen, to succeed me, for I bequeath only misfortune to my successors. At the outset of my maritime career I commanded a small brig. I gave up that command upon being promoted, and the next year my successor was lost in the vessel which I had commanded. Afterward I commanded the brig *Génie*, and in that vessel my successor came into collision with another, which nearly cost him his life. Subsequently I was appointed Governor of Martinique, and my successor in that post died there insane. I was then appointed Major-General at Brest, and my successor there was found dead in his bed. I am now Governor-General of Algeria, and I really tremble for my successor; and for his sake, rather than my own, I hope to retain my post for a long time to come."

—Unlike certain potentates who reign not a thousand miles from New York, the Mikado of Japan seems to be an exceedingly wise and judicious monarch, and his example may be profitably imitated by certain other rulers of greater pretensions and refinement. In a recent order to some of his ministers he says: "In performing your duties do away with all useless matters, cleave to retrenchment, cut off all unnecessary expenses, and abrogate all troublesome laws. Do you, my servants, carry out this my mind."

—Of Mr. J. F. BAILEY, an involuntary exile from New York for doing certain irregular things with the funds of the government, the Washington *Star* of the 26th ult. says: "He is living in Montevideo, in good health and apparently in possession of ample means. He is not engaged in the introduction of American manufactures into that country, as has heretofore been represented, but was living a life of elegant leisure, so far as our informant could observe or ascertain. He had for a long time occupied quarters in the Oriental Hotel, one of the most elegant and expensive establishments in the city; but within a short time had leased a house for occupancy in connection, it was understood, with the American minister resident there, with whom he appeared to be on friendly and intimate terms. The explanation given to and believed by the friends of Mr. BAILEY in Montevideo of his absence from the United States is that he found it to be necessary as an officer of the government to expend, in ferreting out frauds against it, large sums of public money which he had been unable to replace, and consequently was advised to withdraw temporarily from the country for fear of embarrassing the administration or party in power, or of compromising it with the people."

—Cardinal BONAPARTE, the youngest of the cardinals, is a second cousin of NAPOLEON III., being the grandson of LUCIEN BONAPARTE, Prince of Canino, and a prelate much respected by his clerical brethren. He is modest and unassuming, and although a recognized candidate for the tiara, bears himself with dignity, taking little part in the more stirring events of the time. Before the downfall of LOUIS NAPOLEON the French emperor hoped that his cousin would be enthroned in St. Peter's. Events have probably settled that question against him. He inherits the stern integrity and positiveness of his grandsire, who preferred obscurity and almost penury to becoming the slave of the first NAPOLEON'S will.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE public debt was reduced $8,905,491 84 during October.

At the request of a number of citizens Governor Hoffman has changed the day fixed in his proclamation for Thanksgiving to the 30th inst., to conform with that of President Grant.

The Milwaukee Relief Committee, on behalf of the sufferers by the terrible fires in the northern part of Wisconsin, have published a circular setting forth that enough clothing for all ages among the sufferers is received or in transit, but that money will be needed for provisions, building material, farm implements, and stock.

Fourteen thousand families, or about sixty-three thousand persons of all ages and sexes and colors, are now receiving aid from the Chicago Aid and Relief Society.

An official statement shows that the brandy manufactured in the United States from fruit distillation last year was 2,199,733 gallons. Of this quantity California made 136,683, Kentucky 239,233, New Jersey 411,596, New York 128,662, North Carolina 374,790, and Virginia 297,317 gallons.

Thirty-three American whaling ships are reported to have been crushed in the arctic ice this season and destroyed. So extensive a calamity has never before befallen the whaling fleet.

It is reported that about $15,000 of the Relief Fund sent to Chicago has been appropriated by one of the aldermen attached to the Board of Relief.

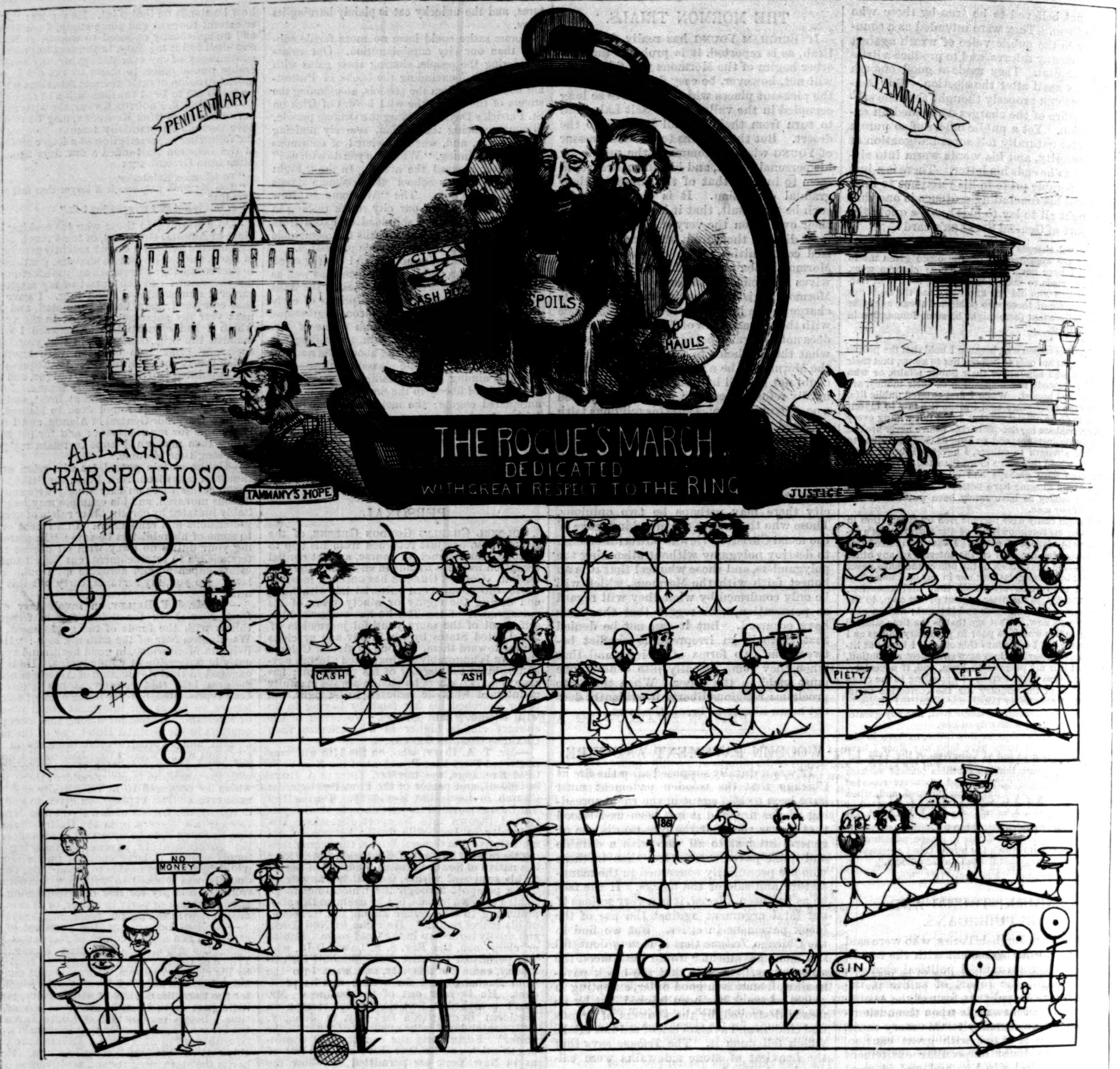
FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Working-men's Committee of Berlin, Prussia, have summoned a congress of workmen to meet in that city to organize a general strike for a reduction of the daily term of labor to nine hours, and for a general increase of wages.

A convention for the sale of the Dutch colonies in Sumatra and Guinea to Great Britain has been signed by the representatives of both countries.

Numerous arrests of conspirators have been made at Barcelona, Spain, and strong proofs of their guilt have been brought to light. Stores of arms, bombs, and other war material have been discovered. The men arrested are, for the most part, members of the International Society.

The Roman Catholic envoy to Constantinople has returned to Rome, having been unable to obtain from the Sultan any guarantee for the protection of his Christian subjects.


PENITENTIARY
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THE ROGUE'S MARCH.
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WITH GREAT RESPECT TO THE RING
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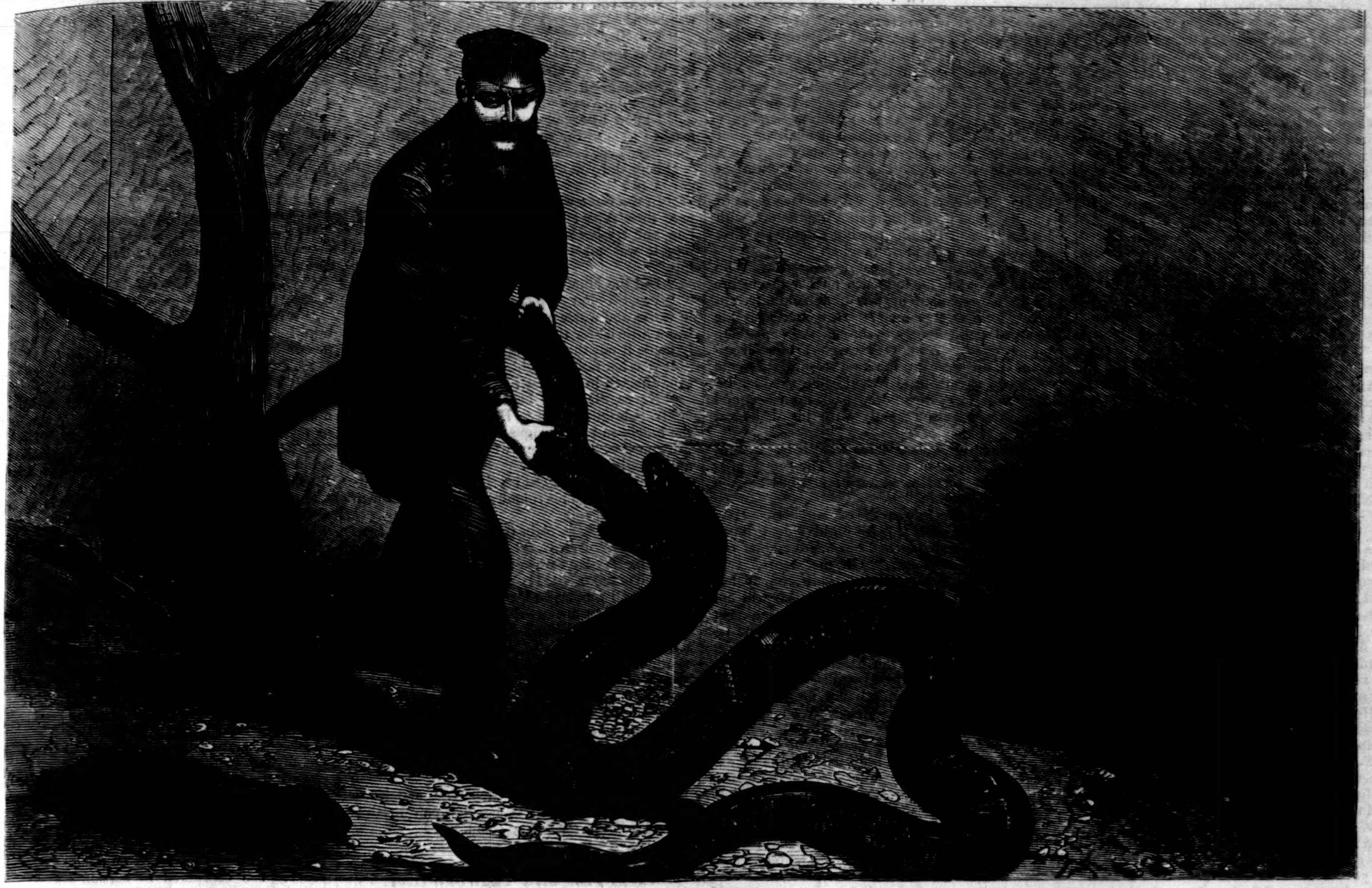
THE ROGUE'S MARCH.—*Arranged for the Piano-forte by* M. WOOLF.



PYTHON SWALLOWING A BOA.—[SEE PAGE 1079.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1871, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.]

POOR MISS FINCH.

A Domestic Story.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRTIETH.

HERR GROSSE.

SEVERAL circumstances deserving to be mentioned here took place in the early part of the day on which we expected the visit of the two oculists. I have all the will to relate them, but the capacity to do it completely fails me.

When I look back at that eventful morning I recall a scene of confusion and suspense, the bare recollection of which seems to upset my mind again, even at this distance of time. Things and persons all blend distractedly one with another. I see the charming figure of my blind Lucilla, robed in rose-color and white, flitting hither and thither, in the house and out of the house—at one time mad with impatience for the arrival of the surgeons; at another, shuddering with apprehension of the coming ordeal, and the coming disappointment which might follow. A moment more, and, just as my mind has seized it, the fair figure melts and merges into the miserable apparition of Oscar, hovering and hesitating between Browndown and the rectory, painfully conscious of the new complications introduced into his position toward Lucilla by the new state of things, and yet not man enough, even yet, to seize the opportunity and set himself right. Another moment passes, and a new figure—a little strutting, consequential figure—forces its way into the foreground before I am ready for it. I hear a big voice booming in my ear, with big language to correspond. "No, Madame Pratolungo, nothing will induce me to sanction by my presence this insane medical consultation, this extravagant and profane attempt to reverse the decrees of an all-wise Providence by purely human means. My foot is down—I use the language of the people, observe, to impress it the more strongly on your mind—MY FOOT is down!" Another moment yet, and Finch and Finch's Foot disappear over my mental horizon just as my eye has caught them. Damp Mrs. Finch and the baby, whose everlasting programme is suction and sleep, take the vacant place. Mrs. Finch pledges me with watery earnestness to secrecy, and then confides her intention of escaping her husband's supervision if she can, and bringing British surgery and German surgery to bear both together (gratis) on baby's eyes. Conceive these persons all twisting and turning in the convolutions of my brains, as if those brains were a labyrinth, with the sayings and doings of one confusing themselves with the sayings and doings of the other—with a thin stream of my own private anxieties (comprehending luncheon on a side-table for the doctors) trickling at intervals through it all—and you will not wonder if I take a jump, like a sheep, over some six hours of precious time, and present my solitary self to your eye, posted alone in the sitting-room to receive the council of surgeons on its arrival at the house.

I had but two consolations to sustain me.

First, a Mayonnaise of chicken of my own making on the luncheon-table, which, as a work of Art, was simply adorable—I say no more. Secondly, my green silk dress, trimmed with my mother's famous lace—another work of Art, equally adorable with the first. Whether I looked at the luncheon-table, or whether I looked in the glass, I could feel that I worthily asserted my nation; I could say to myself, Even in this remote corner of the earth the pilgrim of civilization searching for the elegant luxuries of life looks and sees—France supreme!

The clock chimed the quarter past three. Lucilla, wearying for the hundredth time of waiting in her own room, put her head in at the door, and still repeated the never-changing question,

"No signs of them yet?"

"None, my love."

"Oh, how much longer will they keep us waiting!"

"Patience, Lucilla—patience!"

She disappeared again with a weary sigh. Five minutes more passed, and old Zillah peeped into the room next.

"Here they are, ma'am, in a chaise at the gate!"

I shook out the skirts of my green silk, I cast a last inspiriting glance at the Mayonnaise. Nugent's cheerful voice reached us from the garden, conducting the strangers. "This way, gentlemen—follow me." A pause. Steps outside. The door opened. Nugent brought them in.

Herr Grosse, from America. Mr. Sebright, of London.

The German gave a little start when my name was mentioned. The Englishman remained perfectly unaffected by it. Herr Grosse had heard of my glorious Pratolungo. Mr. Sebright was barbarously ignorant of his existence. I shall describe Herr Grosse first, and shall take the greatest pains with him.

A squat, broad, sturdy body, waddling on a pair of short bandy-legs; slovenly, shabby, unbrushed clothes; a big, square, bilious-yellow face, surmounted by a mop of thick iron-gray hair; dark beetle-brows; a pair of staring, fierce, black, goggle eyes, with huge circular spectacles standing up like fortifications in front of them; a shaggy beard and mustache of mixed black, white, and gray; a prodigious cameo ring on the forefinger of one hairy hand; the other hand always in and out of a deep silver snuff-box like a small tea-caddy; a rough, rasping voice; a diabolically humorous smile; a curtly confident way of speaking; resolution, independence, power, expressed all over him from head to foot—there is the portrait of the man who held in his hands (if Nugent was to be trusted) the restoration of Lucilla's sight!

The English oculist was as unlike his German colleague as it is possible for one human being to be to another.

Mr. Sebright was slim and spare, and scrupulously (painfully) clean and neat. His smooth light hair was carefully parted; his well-shaved face exhibited two little crisp morsels of whisker about two inches long, and no hair more. His decent black clothes were perfectly made; he wore no ornaments, not even a watch-chain; he moved deliberately; he spoke gravely and quietly; disciplined attention looked coldly at you out of his light gray eyes, and said, Here I am if you want me, in every movement of his thin, finely cut lips. A thoroughly capable man, beyond all doubt—but defend me from accidentally sitting next to him at dinner, or traveling with him for my only companion on a long journey!

I received these distinguished persons with my best grace. Herr Grosse complimented me in return on my illustrious name, and shook hands. Mr. Sebright said it was a beautiful day, and bowed. The German, the moment he was at liberty to look about him, looked at the luncheon-table. The Englishman looked out of window.

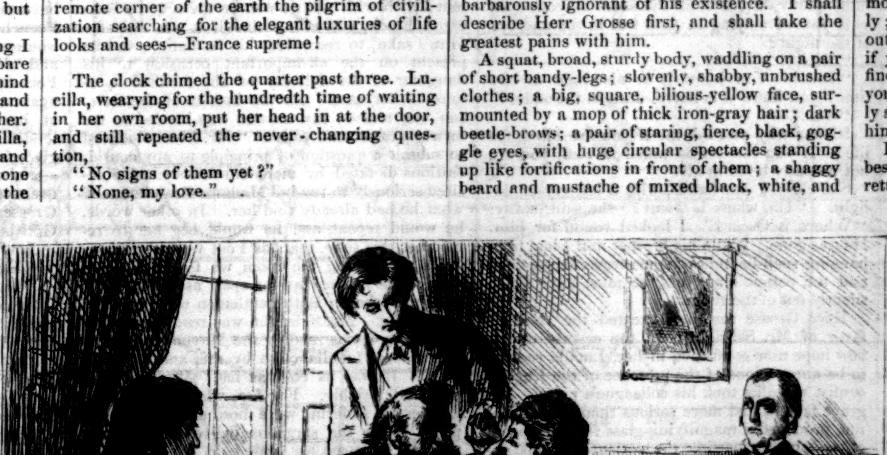
"Will you take some refreshment, gentlemen?"

Herr Grosse nodded his shock head in high approval. His wild eyes glared greedily at the Mayonnaise through his prodigious spectacles. "Aha! I like that," said the illustrious surgeon, pointing at the dish with his ringed forefinger. "You know how to make him—you make him with creams. Is he chickens or lobsters! I like lobsters best, but chickens is goot too. The garnish is lofely—anchovy, olive, beetroots; brown, green, red on the fat white sauce. This I call a heavenly dish. He is nice-cool in two different ways—nice-cool to the eye, nice-cool to the taste. Soh! we will break into his inside. Madame Pratolungo, you shall begin. Here goes for the liver-wings!"

In this extraordinary English—turning words in the singular into words in the plural, and banishing from the British vocabulary the copulative conjunction "and"—Herr Grosse announced his readiness to sit down to lunch. He was politely recalled from the Mayonnaise to the patient by his discreet English colleague.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Sebright. "Would it not be advisable to see the young lady before we do any thing else? I am obliged to return to London by the next train."

Her Grosse—with a fork in one hand and a spoon in the other, and a napkin tied round his neck—stared piteously, shook his shock head, and turned his



"HE BENT FORWARD, WITH HIS FACE CLOSE TO LUCILLA'S."

back on the Mayonnaise, with a heavy heart at parting.

"Goot. We shall do our works first: then eat our lunches afterward. Where is the patients? Come-begin-begin!" He removed the napkin, blew a sigh (there is no other way of expressing it), and plunged his finger and thumb into his tea-caddy snuff-box. "Where is the patients?" he repeated, irritably. "Why is she not close-handy in here?"

"She is waiting in the next room," I said. "I will bring her in directly. You will make allowances for her, gentlemen, I am sure, if you find her a little nervous?" I added, looking at both the oculists. Silent Mr. Sebright bowed. Herr Grosse grinned diabolically, and said, "Make your mind easy, my goot creature. I am not such a brutes as I look!"

"Where is Oscar?" asked Nugent, as I passed him on my way to Lucilla's room.

"After altering his mind a dozen times at least," I replied, "he has decided on not being present at the examination."

I had barely said the words before the door opened, and Oscar entered the room. He had altered his mind for the thirteenth time—and here he was, as the result of it!

Herr Grosse burst out with an exclamation in his own language at the sight of Oscar's face. "Ach Gott!" he exclaimed, "he has been taking Nitrates of Silvers. His complexions is spoilt. Poor boys! poor boys!" He shook his shaggy head—turned—and spat compassionately into a corner of the room. Oscar looked offended; Mr. Sebright looked disgusted; Nugent thoroughly enjoyed it. I left the room, and closed the door behind me.

I had not taken two steps in the corridor when I heard the door opened again. Looking back directly, I found myself, to my amazement, face to face with Herr Grosse—staring ferociously at me through his spectacles, and offering me his arm.

"Hosh!" said the famous oculist, in a heavy whisper. "Say nothing to nobody. I am come to help you."

"To help me?" I repeated.

Herr Grosse nodded vehemently—so vehemently that his prodigious spectacles hopped up and down on his nose.

"What did you tell me just now?" he asked. "You told me the patients was nervous. Goot! I am come to go with you to the patients, and help you to fetch her. Soh! soh! I am not such a brutes as I look. Come-begin-begin! Where is she?"

I hesitated for a moment about introducing this remarkable embassador into Lucilla's bedroom. One look at him decided me. After all, he was a doctor—and such an ugly one! I took his arm.

We went together into Lucilla's room. She started up from the sofa on which she was reclining when she heard the strange footsteps entering side by side with mine.

"Who is it?" she cried.

"It is me, my dears," said Herr Grosse. "Ach Gott! what a pretty girls! Here is jost the complexions I like—nice-fair! nice-fair! I am come to see what I can do, my pretty miss, for this eyes of yours. If I can let the light in on you—hey? you will lofe me, won't you? You will kees even an ugly Germans like me. Soh! Come under my arm. We will go back into the odder rooms. There is anodder one waiting to let the light in too—Mr. Sebrights. Two surgeon-optic to one pretty miss—English surgeon-optic; German surgeon-optic—hey! between us we shall cure this nice girls. Madame Pratolungo, here is my odder arms at your service. Hey! what? You look at my coat sleeve. He is shabby-greasy—I am ashamed of him. No matter! You have got Mr. Sebrights to look at in the odder rooms. He is spick-span, beautiful-new. Come! Forwards! Marsch!"

Nugent, waiting in the corridor, threw the door open for us. "Isn't he delightful?" Nugent whispered behind me, pointing to his friend. Escorted by Herr Grosse, we made a magnificent entry into the room. Our German doctor had done Lucilla good already. The examination was relieved of all its embarrassments and its terrors at the outset. Her Grosse had made her laugh—Herr Grosse had set her completely at her ease.

Mr. Sebright and Oscar were talking together in a perfectly friendly way when we returned to the sitting-room. The reserved Englishman appeared to have his attraction for the shy Oscar. Even Mr. Sebright was struck by Lucilla. His cold face lit up with interest when he was presented to her. He placed a chair for her in front of the window. There was a warmth in his tone which I had not heard yet when he begged her to be seated in that place. She took the chair. Mr. Sebright thereupon drew back, and bowed to Herr Grosse, with a courteous wave of his hand toward Lucilla which signified, "You first!"

Herr Grosse met this advance with a counter wave of the hand, and a vehement shake of his shock head, which signified, "I couldn't think of such a thing!"

"Pardon me," entreated Mr. Sebright. "As my senior, as a visitor to England, as a master in our art."

Herr Grosse responded by regaling himself with three pinches of snuff in rapid succession—a pinch as senior, a pinch as visitor to England, a pinch as master in the art. An awful pause followed. Neither of the surgeons would take precedence of the other. Nugent interfered.

"Miss Finch is waiting," he said. "Come, Grosse, you were first presented to her. You examine her first."

Herr Grosse took Nugent's ear between his finger and thumb, and gave it a good-humored pinch. "You clever boys!" he said. "You have the right word always at the tips of your tongue." He waddled to Lucilla's chair, and stopped short with a scandalized look. Oscar was bending over her, and whispering to her with her hand in his. "Hey! what?" cried Herr Grosse. "Is this a third surgeon-optic! What, Sir? you treat young miss's eyes by taking hold of young miss's hand? You are a Quack. Get out!" Oscar withdrew—not very graciously. Herr Grosse took a chair in front of Lucilla, and removed his spectacles. As a short-sighted man, he had necessarily excellent eyes for all objects which were sufficiently near to him. He bent forward, with his face close to Lucilla's, and parted her eyelids alternately, with his finger and thumb, peering attentively first into one eye, then into the other.

It was a moment of breathless interest. Who could say what an influence on her future life might be exercised by this quaint, kindly, uncouth little foreign man? How anxiously we watched those shaggy eyebrows, those piercing goggle eyes! And, O Heavens! how disappointed we were at the first result! Lucilla suddenly gave a little irrepressible shudder of disgust. Herr Grosse drew back from her, and glared at her benignantly with his diabolical smile.

"Aha!" he said. "I see what it is. I snuff, I smoke, I reek of tobaccos. The pretty miss smells me. She says in her inmost heart—Ach Gott, how he stink!"

Lucilla burst into a fit of laughter. Herr Grosse, unaffectedly amused on his side, grinned with delight, and snatched her handkerchief out of her apron pocket. "Gif me scents," said this excellent German. "I shall stop up her nose with her handkerchiefs. So she will not smell my tobacco-stinks—all will be nice-right again—we shall go on." I gave him some lavender-water from a scent bottle on the table. He gravely drenched the handkerchief with it, and popped it suddenly on Lucilla's nose. "Hold him there, miss. You can not for the life of you smell Grosse now. Goot! We may go on again."

He took a magnifying-glass out of his waistcoat pocket, and waited till Lucilla had fairly exhausted herself with laughing. Then the examination—so cruelly grotesque in itself, so terribly serious in the issues which it involved—resumed its course: Herr Grosse glaring at his patient through his magnifying-glass; Lucilla leaning back in the chair, holding the handkerchief over her nose.

A minute or more passed, and the ordeal of the examination came to an end.

Herr Grosse put back his magnifying-glass with a grunt which sounded like a grunt of relief, and snatched the handkerchief away from Lucilla. "Ach! what a nasty smell!" he said, holding the handkerchief to his nose with a grimace of disgust. "Tobaccos is much better than this." He solaced his nostrils, offended by the lavender-water, with a huge pinch of snuff. "Now I am going to talk," he went on. "See! I keep my distance. You don't want your handkerchiefs—you smell me no more."

"Am I blind for life!" asked Lucilla. "Pray, pray, tell me, Sir! Am I blind for life?"

"Will you kees me if I tell you?"

"Oh, do consider how anxious I am! Pray, pray, pray tell me!"

She tried to go down on her knees before him. He held her back firmly and kindly in her chair.

"Now! now! now! you be nice-goot, and tell me this first. When you are out in the garden, taking your little lazy lady's walks on a shiny-sunny day, is it all the same to your eyes as if you were lying in your bed in the middles of the night?"

"No."

"Hah! You know it is nice-light at one time? you know it is horrid-dark at the odder?"

"Yes."

"Then why you ask me if you are blind for life? If you can see as much as that, you are not properly blind at all!"

She clasped her hands, with a low cry of delight. "Oh, where is Oscar?" she said, softly. "Where is Oscar?" I looked round for him. He was gone. While his brother and I had been hanging spell-bound over the surgeon's questions and the patient's answers, he must have stolen silently out of the room.

Herr Grosse rose and vacated the chair in favor of Mr. Sebright. In the ecstasy of the new hope now confirmed in her, Lucilla seemed to be unconscious of the presence of the English oculist when he took his colleague's place. His grave face looked more serious than ever as he, too, produced a magnifying-glass from his pocket, and, gently parting the patient's eyelids, entered on the examination of her blindness, in his turn.

The investigation by Mr. Sebright lasted a much longer time than the investigation by Herr Grosse. He pursued it in perfect silence. When he had done, he rose without a word, and left Lucilla as he had found her, rapt in the trance of her own happiness—thinking, thinking, thinking of the time when she should open her eyes in the new morning, and see!

"Well?" said Nugent, impatiently addressing Mr. Sebright. "What do *you* say?"

"I say nothing yet." With that implied reproof to Nugent, he turned to me. "I understand that Miss Finch was blind—or as nearly blind as could be discovered—at a year old?"

"I have always heard so," I replied.

"Is there any person in the house—parent, or relative, or servant—who can speak to the symptoms noticed when she was an infant?"

I rang the bell for Zillah. "Her mother is dead," I said, "and there are reasons which prevent her father from being present to-day. Her old nurse will be able to give you all the information you want."

Zillah appeared. Mr. Sebright put his questions.

"Were you in the house when Miss Finch was born?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Was there any thing wrong with her eyes at her birth, or soon afterward?"

"Nothing, Sir."

"How did you know?"

"I knew by seeing her take notice, Sir. She used to stare at the candles, and clutch at things that were held before her, as other babies do."

"How did you discover it when she began to get blind?"

"In the same way, Sir. There came a time, poor little thing! when her eyes looked glazed like, and try her as we might, morning or evening, it was all the same—she noticed nothing."

"Did the blindness come on gradually?"

"Yes, Sir—bit by bit, as you may say. Slowly worse and worse one week after another. She was a little better than a year old before we clearly made it out that her sight was gone."

"Was her father's sight, or her mother's sight, ever affected in any way?"

"Never, Sir, that I heard of."

Mr. Sebright turned to Herr Grosse, sitting at the luncheon-table resignedly contemplating the Mayonnaise. "Do you wish to ask the nurse any questions?" he said.

Herr Grosse shrugged his shoulders, and pointed backward with his thumb at the place in which Lucilla was sitting.

"Her case is as plain to me as twos and twos make fours. Ach Gott! what do I want with the nurse?" He turned again longingly toward the Mayonnaise. "My fine appetites is going! When shall we lonch?"

Mr. Sebright dismissed Zillah with a frigid inclination of the head. His discouraging manner made me begin to feel a little uneasy. I ventured to ask if he had arrived at a conclusion yet. "Permit me to consult with my colleague before I answer you," said the impenetrable man. I roused Lucilla. She again inquired for Oscar. I said I supposed we should find him in the garden—and so took her out. Nugent followed us. I heard Herr Grosse whisper to him, piteously, as we passed the luncheon-table, "For the lofe of Heaven, come back soon, and let us lonch!" We left the ill-assorted pair to their consultation in the sitting-room.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIRST.

"WHO SHALL DECIDE WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE?"

WE had certainly not been more than ten minutes in the garden when we were startled by an extraordinary outbreak of shouting in broken English proceeding from the window of the sitting-room. "Hi-hi-hoi! hoi-hi! hoi-hi!" We looked up, and discovered Herr Grosse frantically waving a huge red silk handkerchief at the window. "Lonch! lonch!" cried the German surgeon. "The consultations is done. Come-begin-begin!"

Obedient to this peremptory summons, Lucilla, Nugent, and I returned to the sitting-room. We had, as I had foreseen, found Oscar wandering alone in the garden. He had entreated me, by a sign, not to reveal our discovery of him to Lucilla, and had hurried away to hide himself in one of the side walks. His agitation was pitiable to see. He was totally unfit to be trusted in Lucilla's presence at that anxious moment.

When we had left the oculists together I had sent Zillah with a little written message to Reverend Finch, entreating him (if it was only for form's sake) to reconsider his resolution, and be present on the all-important occasion to his daughter of the delivery of the medical opinions on her case. At the bottom of the stairs (on our return) my answer was handed to me on a slip of sermon paper. "Mr. Finch declined to submit a question of principle to any considerations dictated by mere expediency. He desired seriously to remind Madame Pratolungo of what he had already told her. In other words, he would repeat, and he would beg her to remember this time, that his Foot was down."

On re-entering the room we found the eminent oculists seated as far apart as possible one from the other. Both gentlemen were engaged in reading. Mr. Sebright was reading a book. Herr Grosse was reading the Mayonnaise.

I placed Lucilla close by me, and took her hand. It was as cold as ice. My poor dear trembled pitiably. For *her*, what moments of unutterable suffering were those moments of suspense before the surgeons delivered their sentence! I pressed her little cold hand in mine, and whispered, "Courage!" Truly, I can say it (though I am not usually one of the sentimental sort), my heart bled for her.

"Well, gentlemen," said Nugent, "what is the result? Are you both agreed?"

"No," said Mr. Sebright, putting aside his book.

"No," said Herr Grosse, ogling the Mayonnaise.

Lucilla turned her face toward me—her color shifting and changing, her bosom rising and falling more and more rapidly. I whispered to her to compose herself. "One of them, at any rate," I said, "thinks you will recover your sight." She understood me, and became quieter directly. Nugent went on with his questions, addressed to the two oculists.

"What do you differ about?" he asked. "Will you let us hear your opinions?"

The wearisome contest of courtesy was renewed between our medical advisers. Mr. Sebright bowed to Herr Grosse: "You first." Herr Grosse bowed to Mr. Sebright: "No—you!" My impatience broke through this cruel and ridiculous professional restraint. "Speak both together, gentlemen, if you like!" I said, sharply. "Do any thing, for God's sake, but keep us in suspense! Is it, or is it not, possible to restore her sight?"

"Yes," said Herr Grosse.

Lucilla sprang to her feet, with a cry of joy.

"No," said Mr. Sebright.

Lucilla dropped back again into her chair, and silently laid her head on my shoulder.

"Are you agreed about the cause of her blindness?" asked Nugent.

"Cataracts is the cause," answered Herr Grosse.

"So far, I agree," said Mr. Sebright. "Cataract is the cause."

"Cataracts is curable," pursued the German.

"I agree again," continued the Englishman—"with a reservation. Cataract is *sometimes* curable."

"*This* cataracts is curable!" cried Herr Grosse.

"With all possible deference," said Mr. Sebright, "I dispute that conclusion. The cataract in Miss Finch's case is *not* curable."

"Can you give us your reasons, Sir, for saying that?" I inquired.

"My reasons are based on surgical considerations which it requires a professional training to understand," Mr. Sebright replied. "I can only tell you that I am convinced—after the most minute and careful examination—that Miss Finch's sight is irrevocably gone. Any attempt to restore it by an operation would be, in my opinion, an unwarrantable proceeding. The young lady would not only have the operation to undergo, she would be kept secluded afterward, for at least six weeks or two months, in a darkened room. During that time, it is needless for me to remind you that she would inevitably form the most confident hope of her restoration to sight. Remembering this, and believing as I do that the sacrifice demanded of her will end in failure, I think it most undesirable to expose our patient to the moral consequences of a disappointment which must seriously try her. She has been resigned from childhood to her blindness. As an honest man, who feels bound to speak out, and to speak strongly, I advise you not further to disturb that resignation. I declare it to be, in my opinion, certainly useless, and possibly dangerous, to allow her to be operated on for the restoration of her sight."

In those uncompromising words the Englishman delivered his opinion.

Lucilla's hand closed fast on mine. "Cruel! cruel!" she whispered to herself, angrily. I gave her a little squeeze, recommending patience, and looked in silent expectation (just as Nugent was looking too) at Herr Grosse. The German rose deliberately to his feet, and waddled to the place in which Lucilla and I were sitting together.

"Has goot Mr. Sebrights done?" he asked.

Mr. Sebright only replied by his everlasting, never-changing bow.

"Goot! I have now my own word to put in," said Herr Grosse. "It shall be one little word—no more. With my best compliments to Mr. Sebrights, I set up against what he only thinks what I—Grosse—with these hands of mine have done. The cataracts of miss there is a cataracts that I have cut into before, a cataracts that I have cured before. Now look!" He suddenly wheeled round to Lucilla, tucked up his cuffs, laid a forefinger of each hand on either side of her forehead, and softly turned down her eyelids with his two big thumbs. "I pledge you my word as surgeon-optic," he resumed, "my knife shall let the light in here. This lofable-nice girls shall be more lofable-nicer than ever. My pretty Feench must be first in her best goot health. She must next gif me my own ways with her—and then one, two, three—ping! my pretty Feench shall see!" He lifted Lucilla's eyelids again as he said the last word—glared fiercely at her through his spectacles—gave her the loudest kiss, on the forehead, that I ever heard given in my life—laughed till the room rang again—and returned to his post as sentinel on guard over the Mayonnaise. "Now," cried Herr Grosse, cheerfully, "the talkings is all done. Gott be thanked, the eatings may begin!"

Lucilla left her chair for the second time.

"Herr Grosse," she said, "where are you?"

"Here, my dears."

She crossed the room to the table at which he was sitting, already occupied in carving his favorite dish.

"Did you say you must use a knife to make me see?" she asked, quite calmly.

"Yes, yes. Don't you be frightened of that. Not much pains to bear—not much pains."

She tapped him smartly on the shoulder with her hand.

"Get up, Herr Grosse," she said. "If you have your knife about you, here am I—do it at once!"

Nugent started. Mr. Sebright started. Her daring amazed them both. As for me, I am the greatest coward living, in the matter of surgical operations performed on myself or on others. Lucilla terrified me. I ran headlong across the room to her. I was even fool enough to scream.

Before I could reach her Herr Grosse had risen, obedient to command, with a choice morsel of chicken on the end of his fork. "You charming little fools," he said; "I don't cut into cataracts in such a hurry as that. I perform but one operations on you to-day. It is this!" He unceremoniously popped the morsel of chicken into Lucilla's mouth. "Aha! Bite him well. He is nice-goot! Now, then! Sit down all of you. Lonch! lonch!"

He was irresistible. We all sat down at table.

The rest of us ate. Herr Grosse gobbled. From Mayonnaise to marmalade tart. From marmalade tart back again to Mayonnaise. From Mayonnaise forward again to ham sandwiches and blanc-mange; and then back once more (on the word of an honest woman) to Mayonnaise! His drinking was on the same scale as his eating. Beer, wine, brandy—nothing came amiss to him: he mixed them all. As for the lighter elements in the feast—the almonds and raisins, the preserved ginger and the crystallized fruits—he ate them as accompaniments to every thing. A dish of olives especially won his favor. He plunged both hands into it, and deposited his fistfuls of olives in the pockets of his trowsers. "In this ways," he explained, "I shall trouble nobody to pass the dish—I shall have by me continually all the olives that I want." When he could eat and drink no more, he rolled up his napkin into a ball, and became devoutly thankful. "How goot of Gott," he remarked, "when he invented the worlds to invent eatings and drinkings too! Ah!" sighed Herr Grosse, gently laying his outspread fingers on the pit of his stomach, "what immense happiness there is in This!"

Mr. Sebright looked at his watch.

"If there is any thing more to be said on the question of the operation," he announced, "it must be said at once. We have barely five minutes more to spare. You have heard my opinion. I hold to it."

Herr Grosse took a pinch of snuff. "I also," he said, "hold to mine."

Lucilla turned toward the place from which Mr. Sebright had spoken.

"I am obliged to you, Sir, for your opinion," she said, very quietly and firmly. "I am determined to try the operation. If it does fail, it will only leave me what I am now. If it succeeds, it gives me a new life. I will bear any thing and risk any thing on the chance that I may see."

So she announced her decision. In those memorable words she cleared the way for the coming Event in her life and in our lives which it is the purpose of these pages to record.

PYTHON AND BOA.

The incident of which we give an illustration on page 1077 occurred as follows: It was dinner-time in the reptile house of the London Zoological Gardens, and a rabbit, encircled in the folds of a boa, had just uttered its last squeak. Then the boa began to swallow his prey, but before it had entirely disappeared down his maw a python shot forth, moving swiftly round a glass shade placed in the centre of the cage, seized on the half-ingulfed rabbit, and not only swallowed it, but the boa also, all but a few inches of his tail. A keeper named Holland, being immediately summoned, boldly seized the python, and forced him to disgorge, though not without receiving some severe bites. He accomplished this difficult operation thus: seizing the python behind the head, he shook it till about a foot of the boa's tail projected from its mouth. He then threw the python down, whereupon it opened its mouth of its own accord, and helped its comrade to wriggle out. The boa's tail quivered about, and the python pulled back like a mad thing, lashing about in every direction with its tail. Meanwhile Holland swiftly hauled out the boa, blinding the angry python by clapping his cap over its head. The whole affair was over in less time than it takes to tell it, but the keeper, nevertheless, deserves grateful recognition for his pluck and promptitude. He says that large snakes have often bowled him over, or pushed him against the wall, and recommends that if a snake comes at you, you must seize him, and by passing your hand up and down, prevent him from coiling round you. The boa, which is about six feet long, seemed little the worse for his temporary imprisonment.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Statistics of industrial losses in Paris consequent upon the war with Prussia are startling. The number of boot and shoe makers before the war was estimated at 34,000; of these 10,000 were Germans and Belgians, who have found openings for their industries elsewhere; of the remaining 24,000 French workers 12,000 have been killed, or are in prison or exile, leaving only 12,000 to ply their trade. The making of ladies' shoes was formerly a specialty in Paris, but circumstances seem to be forcing this industry into other countries. In ordinary times the tailors of Paris numbered 30,000; now 10,000 of these are missing. Almost all other industries have suffered in a similar manner. Parisian jewelry, both real and artificial, was celebrated all the world over. Many skilled artificers have been induced to go to London, Brussels, and even to come to New York. The receipts of the best hotels in Paris give evidence that the number of strangers and visitors has greatly diminished. Guides and interpreters have almost disappeared; cafés are not doing their ordinary business; and the closed shutters of numerous shops tell their own tale. Yet to the outward eye of many visitors the city seems the same old bright, gay, sunshiny Paris as they stroll through certain sections which bear no external marks of the devastations of war. But any extended investigations reveal what cruel wounds the once fair city has suffered.

The *Shoe and Leather Reporter* says that probably the severest strain to which the Eastern boot and shoe trade has ever been subjected will result from the Chicago calamity. At this season of the year Western and Southern dealers accumulate large stocks of goods, which they are enabled to do owing to a system of long credit. In the fall of the year, also, the freight lines, engaged in transporting millions of tons of produce from the West to the Eastern markets, reduce their tariff for return freights so low as to make it an object for the Western merchants to take advantage of the low rates, the difference between September and February being usually 200 per cent. in favor of the former month. Owing to these several influences, there can be no doubt but that Chicago had on hand at the time of the conflagration the largest stock of goods ever before at any one time in her possession. It is estimated that the destruction of boots and shoes will easily foot up a total loss of not less than $10,000,000 in value. Every shoe house in the East will feel the effect of this heavy loss. Many of them certainly must suffer severely.

The postal cards which go through the British mails for a half-penny are cream-colored, and the size of an ordinary letter envelope. On one side are printed the directions for superscription, the English coat of arms, and the Queen's head; the other side is left blank for the message or letter. For brief letters containing no privacy they are certainly convenient.

London has opened a new business—a regular trade in wild animals, which is really brisk. Lions and tigers may be bought either at wholesale or retail.

A ludicrous incident of the Bangor railway celebration was the putting of the words, "Welcome to the President" upon the county jail by a Boston decorator employed for the occasion. The jail is a handsome building, and conspicuously situated, and the decorator did not know the special purposes to which it was dedicated. He was somewhat chagrined to learn his blunder, and hastily pulled the motto down just before the President passed by.

The home of Artemus Ward, at Waterford, Maine, is advertised for sale.

Every where may be found harpies who will, if possible, turn to their own greedy gain a common misfortune. Chicago had her share of such. The following anecdote of General Sheridan illustrates the manner in which some of these unscrupulous dealers were forced to limit their avarice. Having heard that a certain hotel-keeper on the Southeast Side was extortionate in his prices, General Sheridan disguised himself and visited the individual, asking him what he "charged by the day."

"Ten dollars," was the response.

"Could you not run it at $2 50?"

"No, we charge ten dollars per day," was the reply.

"Well," answered Sheridan, "if you do not take your sign down, and replace the $10 with $2 50, *we will run it for you.*"

Whatever followed few knew, but $2 50 per day was the charge from that hour.

We should have fewer military organ-grinders if the example of one Marcus Ainsworth, of Calais, Vermont, were properly appreciated. Although possessed of but one arm, Marcus dug eighty bushels of potatoes in one day. He deserves not only a pension but a prize.

A medical officer of the English army writes to the London *Times* supporting the theory that the cholera is generated by the vast assemblages at Hindoo religious gatherings on the banks of the Ganges. There are sometimes 300,000 Hindoos gathered on these occasions, and a severe epidemic is almost invariably generated. Instances are mentioned to substantiate this theory.

A curious statement, said to have been prepared from authentic statistics, appears in the French papers, showing that during a year's occupation of Champagne the German army of occupation consumed no less than 2,550,000 bottles of the famous vintage of that country.

The "Heathen" Chinese of San Francisco contributed thirteen hundred dollars for Chicago.

The Belgians, like the French, are not very strong on the geography of foreign countries, and we are not surprised to find quoted in a recent number of the *Indépendance Belge*, under the head of "Punishment in the Prisons of *China*," a sensational letter to the New York *Times* describing certain atrocities said to be practiced at *Sing Sing*.

Seldom has there been a season so abounding in fruit of every variety. Our markets are literally choked with the superabundance. Grapes have been especially fine and sweet this year, and numerous varieties are yet plenty. Luscious pears are seen on fruit stands at almost every street corner. Apples—golden, green, and rosy ones—make attractive contrasts, and the display of this fruit is large.

We are pleased to see that Professor M'Graw, of the Detroit Medical College, imparted to the last graduating class some of his excellent ideas in regard to the general aspect of a physician's office. He says: "I have been in doctors' offices where a skull grinned from one corner, ghastly anatomical plates hung from the walls, and splints, suggestive of broken bones, were placed conspicuously in every corner. What a delightful resting-place for a sick woman—visions of death, disease, and injury greeting her on every side! Now, gentlemen, make your offices pictures of comfort and cheerfulness. Banish from them every sign of your professional occupation, so that your patients may enter them not only without disgust, but with actual elevation of heart." If there is any place which should be made bright and cheerful, and contain something interesting and amusing to the mind, it is the room where patients are often compelled to wait an hour. We have often seen them, weary and restless, with nothing to do but to gloomily reflect on the ills their flesh is heir to, growing each moment more impatient, and feeling evidently twice as sick as when they first entered the unattractive room. Without exception, the pleasantest physician's office we ever entered was that of Dr. D——, a well-known practitioner of Boston. Books, flowers, paintings, engravings, rare and beautiful curiosities, handsome carpets and furniture, luxurious sofas and easy-chairs: with these the rooms were filled; and our time of waiting seemed neither long nor tedious. All physicians can not afford such abounding luxuriance; but there is no reason why pleasant books and magazines and cheerful pictures should not be found in the waiting-room of every physician.

Dr. Hall does not approve of the old-fashioned doctrine which formerly was instilled into the minds of children—namely, that they should spring out of bed the instant they awoke in the morning. He says that "up to eighteen years every child should be *allowed* ten hours to be in bed. They may not require ten hours' sleep, but time should be allowed to rest in bed, after the sleep is over, until they feel as if they had rather get up than not. It is a very great and mischievous mistake for persons, old or young, especially children, and feeble or sedentary persons, to bounce out of bed the moment they wake up; all our instincts shrink from it, and fiercely kick against it. Fifteen or twenty minutes spent in gradually waking up, after the eyes are opened, and in turning over and stretching the limbs, do as much good as sound sleep, because these operations set the blood in motion by degrees, tending to equalize the circulation; for during sleep the blood tends to stagnation, the heart beats feebly and slow; and to shock the system by bouncing up in an instant and sending the blood in overpowering quantities to the heart, causing it to assume a gallop, when the instant before it was in a creep, is the greatest absurdity. This instantaneous bouncing out of the bed as soon as the eyes are opened will be followed by weariness long before noon."

When Rochefort heard his sentence of imprisonment for life in a colonial fortress he was much excited. Upon being taken back to his cell he broke into loud sobs, threw himself on the floor, and tore his hair. His lamentations could be heard in every part of the building for several hours. Finally the ex-editor of *La Lanterne* fainted, and it was some time before he awoke again to consciousness.

A new discovery has been made in regard to grape leaves—namely, that from them yeast may be made, which in some respects is superior to hop yeast—the bread rising sooner, and not possessing that peculiar taste to which many object in hop yeast.

There are scores of advertisements in our newspapers of wonderful remedies, the secret of which will be imparted on the receipt of a few postage stamps or a small sum of money. In general these things are all humbugs. Nineteen-twentieths of the unwary who are caught by them find themselves hoaxed, as was the simple country youth who believed an advertisement which offered, on receipt of fifty cents, to show any one how to write without pen or ink. He sent his fifty cents, and received the simple direction, "*Write with a lead-pencil.*" Occasionally a more useful answer comes. Not long since a dyspeptic was beguiled by an advertisement to send to a New York individual a dollar, for which sum a cure for dyspepsia was promised. He received a printed slip with these words, "Stop drinking and hoe in the garden." The man was angry at first, then laughed, and finally stopped drinking and "hoed in the garden." In a short time he was as well as ever. There is more in this cure than would appear at first sight.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An alderman was heard the other day putting the following specimen of what may be called "corporation" logic: "All human things are hollow; I'm a human thing, therefore I'm hollow. It is contemptible to be hollow, therefore I'll stuff myself as full as I am able."

"Eighteen ladies will lecture this winter," says an exchange. Is that all?

A young lady went into a music store and asked the clerk if he had "Loving Eyes." He replied, "I'm told so by the girls."

Another poor girl has died in Virginia from the use of tobacco, at the age of one hundred. She was an orphan.

The Rev. George Moore, of Edinburgh, was riding, one snowy day, muffled up in a Spanish cloak, and with a woman's shawl tied around his neck and shoulders. These garments, flapping in the wind, startled the horse of a "commercial traveler" who met the divine, and who, irritated at the plunging of his steed, exclaimed, "You would frighten the devil, Sir!" "Maybe," answered Mr. Moore; "for it's just my trade."

Permanent Head-Quarters—The shoulders.

"Thou hast loved me and left me—for twenty-five cents," is the inscription upon some sheet music in the window of a New York dealer.

A Popular Loan—Cologne.

Why is every Boston boy sure to make a noise in the world?—Because he is a little Hub bub in himself.

A stoical Scotchman was addressed by his sick wife, "Oh, John, I sha'n't leave this bed alive!" "Please theeself, Betty, and thee'll please me," returned John, with great equanimity. "I have been a good wife to you, John," persisted the dying woman. "Middlin', Betty, middlin'," responded the matter-of-fact husband.

Money is a great lever in the affairs of man; so great a lever that some of us can never keep it.

People afflicted with corns should go to Cincinnati, where the streets are said to be filled with foot-pads.

"Boy, why did you take an armful of my shingles on Sunday?" "Why, Sir, mother wanted some kindling-wood, and I didn't want to split wood on Sunday."

Thiers likens himself to "an umbrella on which it has been raining for forty years." Isn't it time he was shut up?

"The Best Policy"—That with the largest bonus.

A man out West read that dry copperas put into a bed of ants would cause them to leave, and put some in his mother-in-law's bed to see if she wouldn't go. He says she was there at last accounts.

Wanted to Know Immediately—What is "the milk of human kindness" per quart?

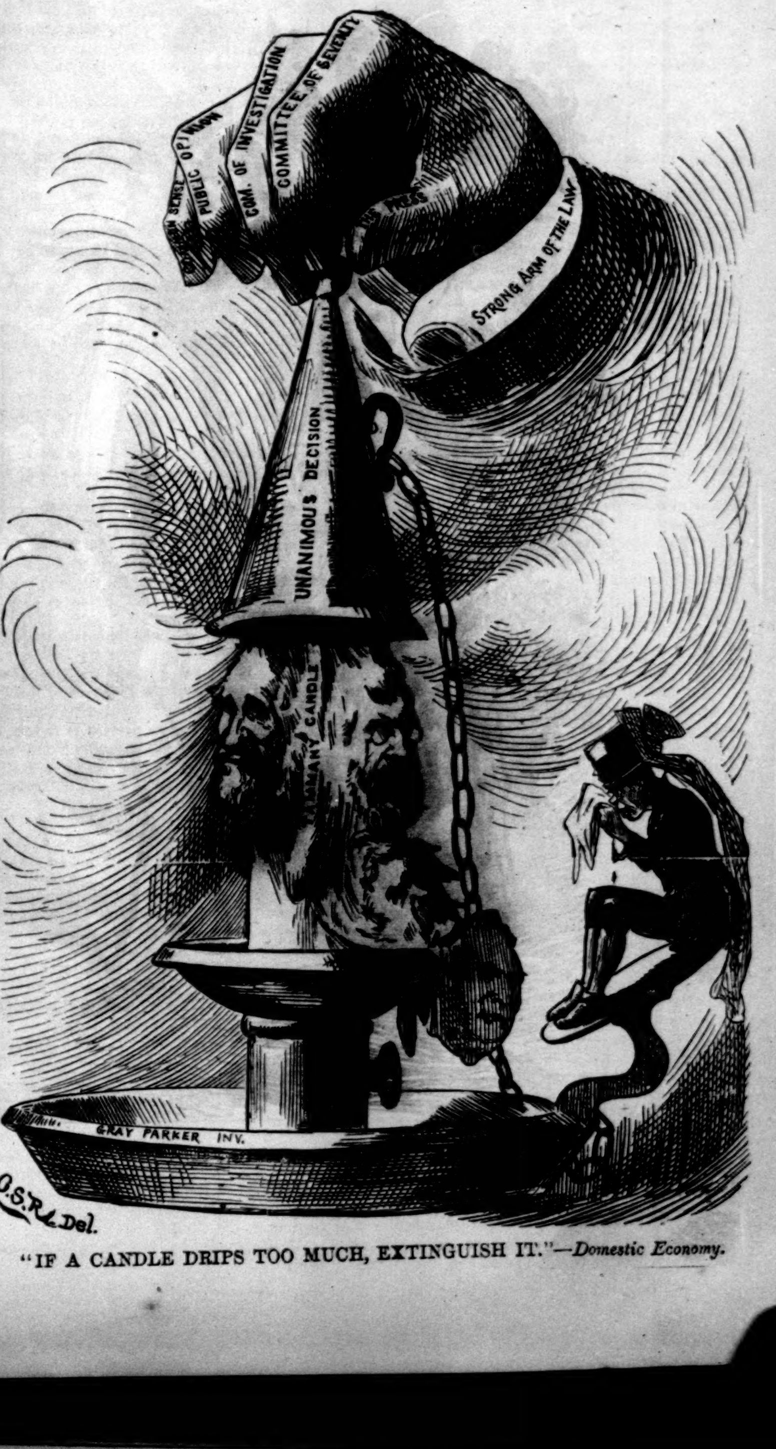
At a trial not long since one of the witnesses, an old lady of some eighty years, was closely questioned by the opening counsel relative to the clearness of her eye-sight. "Can you see me?" said he. "Yes," was answered. "How well can you see me?" persisted the lawyer. "Well enough," responded the lady, "to see that you're neither a negro, an Indian, nor a gentleman."

Labor in Vein—Working in a coal mine.

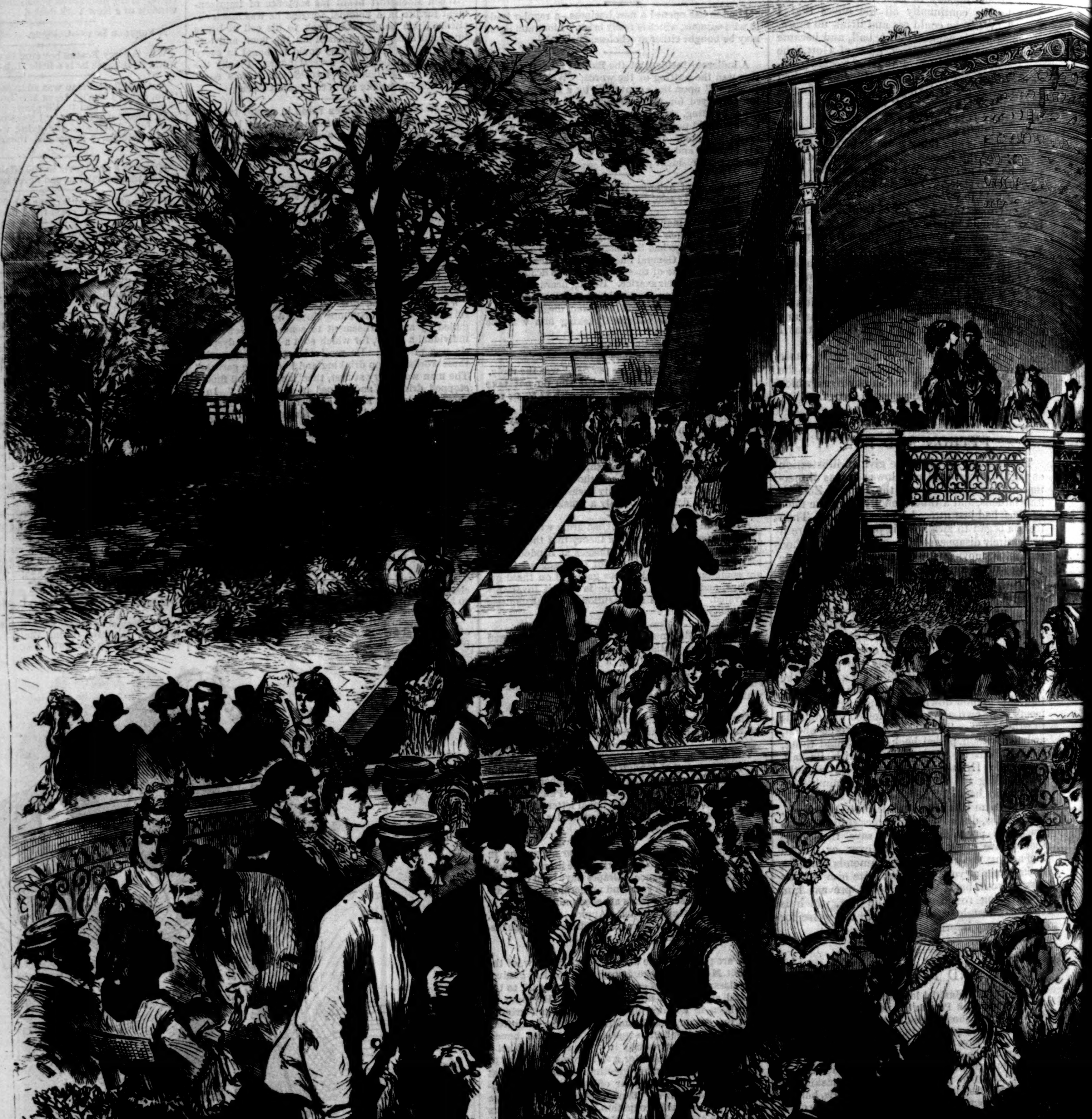
An epitaph in a rural church-yard reads thus: "Here lies Bernard Lightfoot, who was accidentally killed in the forty-fifth year of his age. This monument was erected by his grateful family."

How to get a Long Well—Dig it deep.

A veteran shoe-maker says that, although his clerks are very talkative during the day, they are always ready to shut up at night.



"IF A CANDLE DRIPS TOO MUCH, EXTINGUISH IT."—*Domestic Economy.*



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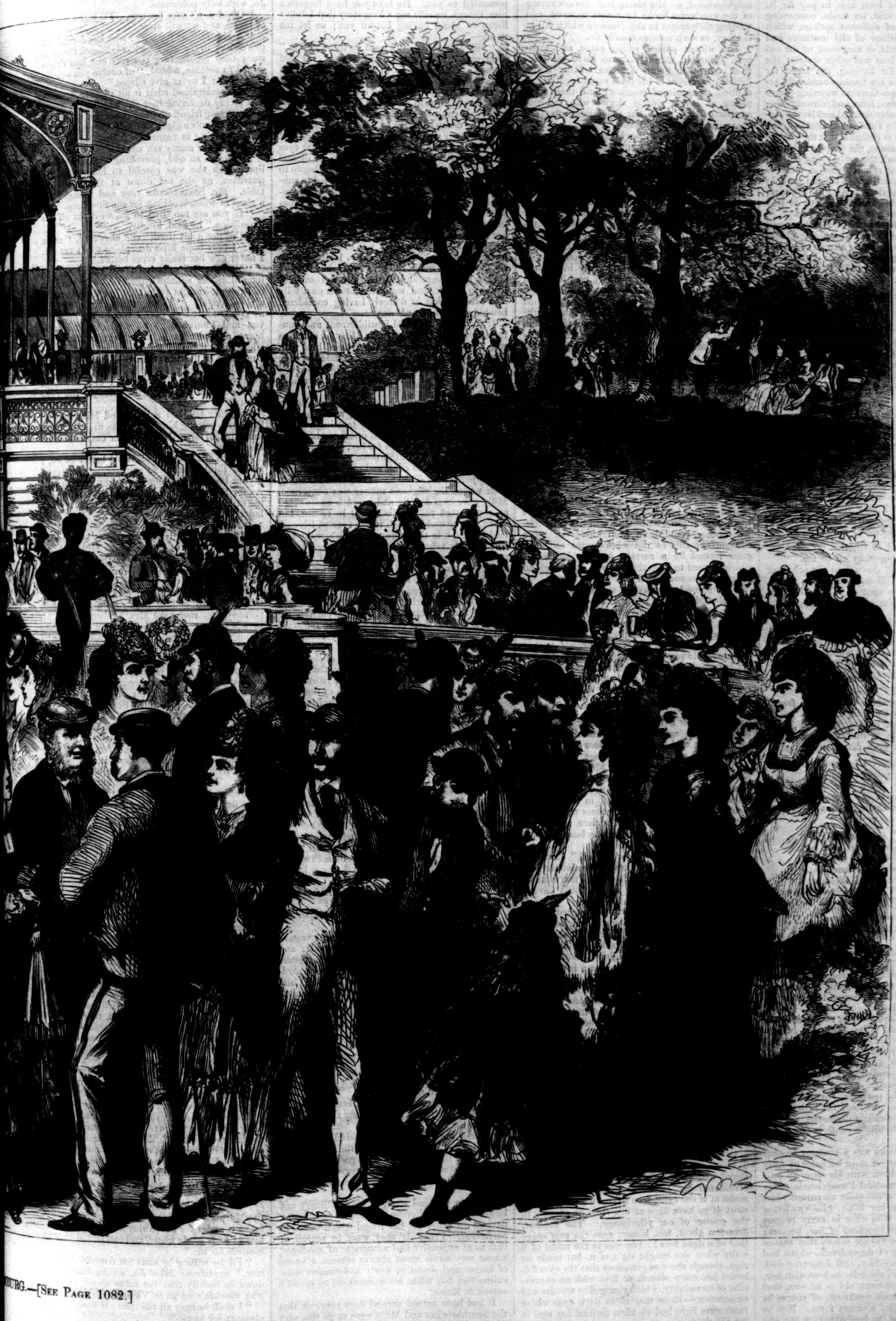


BURG.—[See Page 1082.]

THE HOMBURG SPA.

THE double-page illustration in this number of the *Weekly* shows the aspect of the crowd of idlers and invalids frequenting the "Trinkhalle," or pump-room, of this famous watering-place. Here are the young and old, the refined and vulgar, the strong and sickly, but not the poor; for this is no healing Pool of Siloam for those most in need of relief and least able to pay for it. There is much to be said, no doubt, concerning the salutary effects of different springs, which contain various solutions of the muriates and carbonates of lime, soda, or magnesia, or the oxides or sulphates of iron and other metals; the former being good for bathing, the latter for drinking. Both sorts are found abundantly accessible in these famous German watering-places—Homburg, Wiesbaden, Ems, and Schwalbach—which are most agreeably situated amidst the picturesque scenery of the Taunus Mountains or the Lahn Valley. But it is probable that the change of air, the change of scene, the simpler habits of life (if people are wise), the early rising and retiring, the walking or riding exercise, and the lighter fare of the Continental cuisine may do them as much good as the alkali, or the sulphate, or whatever other chemical ingredient is perceptible in the mineral waters of the place.

Like our own watering-places, Homburg will undoubtedly continue to be a place of fashionable resort for invalids requiring change of air and diet, even when the gambling-house is closed, as it will be after the season of 1872, by a law of the new German empire.

THE BALLAD OF BOSS BILLEE.

IT was four pirates of Gotham City,
They went a-sailing out to sea
In a long, low, black, brass-mounted schooner,
Which carried the name of Tammanee.
There was Rueful Richard and Cunning Peter,
And Joky Oakey and Boss Billee.

Now when they had been some years a-sailing
It blowed a regular jamboree;
And overboard fell Rueful Richard,
A-leaving his debts to his deputee.
"Push him under," says Joky Oakey;
"It takes all our craft to carry three."

Now when they had sailed a little further
There came a big ship up on their lee,
And the skipper hollered through his trumpet,
"Whoever the devil may you be?"
Then Joky Oakey snapped his fingers:
"What will you do about it?" says he.

The skipper he called to Charles O'Conor,
"Just hand that big chap up to me."
So Charles he reached down into the schooner
And jerked Boss Bill out suddenlee;
And the last that was seen of Master William
The skipper had him over his knee.

When Joky Oakey saw this happen,
He fell a-weeping bitterlee:
"Ah, were I again but an honest peddler
Of second-hand puns and poetree!
Alas! there isn't in all Joe Miller
A joke for this catastrophe."

To Joky Oakey said Cunning Peter,
"With your expressions you are too free."
Said Joky Oakey to Cunning Peter,
"I guess you don't realize, Peter B.,
That we have lost, in William's pockets,
The grog and the grub for all we three!

"And what is to hinder Charles O'Conor,
Whenever the skipper shall agree,
From reaching again down over the gunnel
And catching hold of my green coatee,
To lock me up in a County Court-house,
Or uninhabited Armoree?"

"Do as I tell you," said Cunning Peter,
"We are both in one boat, you see:
Let us surrender to Richard O'Gorman,
And tell him to smite us tenderlee.
Better be smote by Richard O'Gorman
Than swing at O'Conor's main-cross-tree!"

—*From the Tribune.*

HIS LITTLE LESSON.

AMONG the half dozen American girls who bore off the palm of beauty that winter in Rome she was the very prettiest—a triumph sufficient to turn almost any feminine head at nineteen, though it affected Milly Anderson less than her rivals would have believed.

She had been in Europe some twelve months, under the care of old Miss Josephine Southbrooke, who acted as her guardian since the odd change in Milly's life which made her an heiress in the world's opinion, as report, of course, magnified her fifty thousand dollars into a fortune three times that amount. It had all happened less than two years previous, but before the money came Milly had dreamed her little dream and seen her romance rudely destroyed, as most of us are obliged to do before youth is any where near gone.

Laurence Southbrooke was a younger brother of old Miss Josephine—a staid bachelor of forty when he first went down with his sister to pass the summer in the beautiful Pennsylvania valley where Milly had spent the quiet seventeen years which then made up her life. She was living with some relatives who were in every respect uncongenial, and not overfond of her, besides; and Milly taught the village school that season to escape the feeling of dependence, which had become unendurable. Shy, stiff Laurence took it into his head to fall absurdly in love with her, and as it was the first time, old as he was, that he had indulged in such weakness, of course he took the disease in its severest form. But he was too reticent and undemonstrative for any body to perceive how much he had the matter at heart, and not even his sister really knew that he proposed to Milly, and was refused.

He seemed fairly ancient in the girl's eyes, and she wondered at his folly—a little cruel in her treatment of his affection, as the very young are apt to be before they learn what love is worth. Then she drifted away into the full beauty of her dream, for Albert Marston came into the neighborhood, an idle young poet, always raving of the wonderful books he meant to write, and wasting the present in any pleasure which fell in his way, as such natures usually do.

The winter passed, spring came, and summer. Marston made ready to leave his relatives and go to South America. Milly found herself in the eyes of her little world regarded as a jilted, disappointed creature; and there were plenty of severe elderly virgins who did not scruple even to assail her reputation, after the charming habit of the race.

Between the ache at her heart and the blow to her pride, Milly nearly went mad. She was not a girl to sit down and die, as a good many weak women might have done. She determined to go away out West, beyond the reach of enemies and the friends who were more to be dreaded, with their reproofs and condolences. She was absolutely trying to obtain a situation as teacher somewhere in Nebraska, when, without any warning, Destiny lifted her out of poverty and the necessity of painful cares in regard to the future. Some railway and manufacturing company, in which Mr. Southbrooke was largely interested, bought a farm that Milly owned; coal had been discovered thereon, and before she could realize it she was the possessor of what at first seemed a colossal fortune. Then Miss Josephine Southbrooke came to her and proposed that she should become Milly's guardian, and take her to Europe. The old maid had not been very cordial during the past months: she knew that the girl had caused her brother suffering; but when Milly's fickle admirer left her to bear heart-ache and slanders, the spinster's generous nature relented at once and completely. It may be, too, that the idea of pleasing her brother helped her more easily to ignore the past.

So for a year the two women had wandered about the Continent, and now the Carnival found them settled in Rome, and Milly at the height of her pleasant successes. Laurence Southbrooke joined them in the dear old city, and Milly felt that she was making acquaintance with him anew, he was so different from what he had appeared to her ignorant girlish eyes in the days when he first came within reach of her quiet life. No brother could have been kinder or more thoughtful; still as the weeks went on Milly grew fretted by a certain impalpable barrier which seemed to keep them apart, and which no efforts of hers succeeded in breaking down.

"I suppose he thinks I'm silly and frivolous," grumbled Milly to herself, "and my head turned by this change of fortune, and all the nonsense of these ridiculous men: he ought to be ashamed of himself not to know me better."

Then, womanlike, she made herself appear more carried away than ever by worldly pleasures, got herself the name of being an intolerable flirt, was more worshiped in consequence, and so all the sooner exhausted the small excitements of her youthful sovereignty.

A rich Bostonian dared his fate, and was refused; at least half a dozen brother Americans followed suit: and when each was discarded in turn, people said that the heartless creature had set her mind on a title and coronet.

"It certainly looks like it," Miss Southbrooke observed to her brother one morning, after repeating for his benefit a quantity of gossip and advice which had been poured in her ears by sister spinsters and jealous mothers with daughters to be provided for. "I declare, the charge of a young lady is a more serious business than I anticipated."

"Milly must choose for herself," Laurence answered. "She is gentle and affectionate with you—always good-natured, careful not to make us trouble. I think it is all we could have a right to ask."

He spoke so calmly, even unconcernedly, that the old maid wondered to herself if he had really gotten over his fancy for the girl, but she asked no questions; that was a subject upon which there had never been the slightest confidence between them. I suppose away down in her heart Miss Josephine must always have guarded a shade of rancor against Milly for having brought Laurence pain or disappointment, but the wonderful old woman never showed it by word or look, and Milly had long since decided that the spinster was entirely ignorant of his temporary fascination.

It had ended thoroughly enough, Milly thought, and was a little indignant thereat. Before he joined them she fancied that little affair would make their first meeting difficult, and fluttered herself a good deal. Her trouble was wasted, and he did the elder brother so successfully that she was inclined to be vexed, for all she had beforehand been so full of remorse at the thought of having caused him suffering.

One night, at a grand ball given by Prince Torlonia, our little American was so much admired and surrounded that it really might be considered her crowning triumph, and in the midst of it she came face to face with a ghost, as most of us have done at one time or another in the course of our pilgrimage. The saddest, dreariest ghost, too, human eyes can ever see—that of a dead love! She was in the midst of a waltz when she caught sight of it, but made no sign, though she was conscious that the eyes followed her every where, at first with an expression of incredulity, which changed to wonder and admiration—those marvelous dark eyes whose passionate light had so often thrilled her soul in the old time.

Miss Josephine was not well this evening, and had consigned Milly to the care of a friend, and as the girl's partner led her back to Mrs. Walworth at the conclusion of the dance, she found that lady gayly conversing with the phantom, who looked handsome and melancholy enough to have been the shade of Hamlet himself.

"My dear," cried the widow at once, "here is my most abominable of cousins waiting to be presented to you. He says you have forgotten him, though he tells me a long story that I didn't listen to about having known you; so let me name—"

"Mr. Marston doesn't need an introduction," interrupted Milly: "I never forget my old friends. How nice it is to meet you here, of all places! But, dear me! don't act so dazed. I think it is I who ought to be introduced. Bless me, Mrs. Walworth, you must have made a mistake! It can't be me Mr. Marston meant. He certainly doesn't behave as if he knew me!"

Would any mortal have dreamed that her first impulse had been to run away and hide her eyes from the phantom of her old love, with its dismal waking, its horrible pain? The widow began to laugh and jest too. Albert Marston tried to subdue his unaccustomed awkwardness and constraint, and say the words suitable to the occasion, but it was very difficult. This Milly, radiant in costly silk and laces, with pearls gleaming on her neck and arms, and with her ease of manner, her woman-of-the-world air, was so unlike the shy girl who had looked up to him in loving humility, and yet so much the same, with her fleeting smiles, her changeful face, that he was completely taken aback, and wondered at his own folly and presumption in scarcely having considered her his equal in the old days.

It was a night of odd bewilderment and confusion to him. He kept near Milly as much as was possible; but though she treated him with the utmost cordiality, she was surrounded by such a crowd of admirers that he was poorly satisfied with his share of her attention and gracious words.

Late in the evening he did find her free for one waltz. In the midst of it, while he was whispering his delight at this meeting in that musical voice whose slightest utterance had once possessed such fascination for her, she looked up and saw Laurence Southbrooke watching them. He had promised to come and see her home, and it was part of his creed never to forfeit his word, even where the slightest matter was concerned. Milly gave him a smile and a quick amical sign as she floated past. He smiled in return, but there was a troubled look in his eyes which carried her back to that summer day when she had so carelessly refused the offer of his love. It was not like Milly to be intentionally cruel, but to-night she really seemed so. Her spirits rose to an unusual height, and for the next hour she did nothing but tease Laurence every time she got within his reach; and Albert Marston told himself that, if this newly revived passion for Milly grew, he need not fear a rival in the staid old bachelor, and was patronizingly cordial to him in consequence.

The first news Miss Josephine had of the meeting with Marston reached her from the lips of Mrs. Walworth, who came the next morning to see how Milly was after the fatigues of the ball.

"To think of your knowing my cousin!" began the widow at once; "and he is crazy about you. He's such a nice fellow, too, and so handsome—isn't he, Milly? Miss Southbrooke, did this wicked girl tell you of the new victim she made last night?"

"No," replied the spinster, rather curtly. "Milly knows I'm old-fashioned in my ideas, and don't believe in girls making victims."

"Oh, but there will be cakes and ale still, though you may be virtuous," cried the widow, unblushingly twisting Shakspeare to suit her purpose. "And I assure you any girl might be a little proud of victimizing Albert Marston."

"Who?" demanded Miss Josephine, in an awful voice, forgetful of etiquette and proper breeding.

"My cousin, young Marston. Didn't you meet him when Milly did in America?"

"I know his name," replied the spinster, stiffly.

Milly was conscious that the ancient vestal's eyes were fixed full upon her in wonder and wrath; but she said, with a charming innocence, which seemed a horrible insolence to her guardian, "You will know him, I hope. I asked him to come and see us. It's so nice to meet one's old friends."

Miss Josephine could not trust her temper an instant longer. She rose and left the room, with a scant farewell to Mrs. Walworth and a parting glare at Milly.

"What ails her this morning?" asked the widow. "She marches off as if her corset was made out of the fender; but she's a good soul, in spite of her oddities."

"She's the best woman that ever breathed," cried Milly, hotly—"worth twenty thousand like you and me!"

"Bless me! I haven't slandered her. You needn't be so sharp. What is the matter with every body this morning? Be good, and come off your pedestal. I want you to go to Clarisse's with me. I must have a new dress for the Doria ball."

The two plunged straight into millinery and laces; and Milly, having a genius for adornment, devised an attire for her friend which would be perfection. Presently they went in search of that most expensive and autocratic of modistes, whose very name must always remain a sound of horror and dread to every unfortunate masculine that has taken his womenkind to spend a season in Rome.

It had been agreed several days previous that the Southbrookes and Milly were to go this very Wednesday to the Spada Palace, but Milly came home so late from her shopping expedition that luncheon was over, Miss Josephine sitting in her shawl and bonnet, more upright and rigid than any thing but a statue ever did before, and her brother immersed in a newspaper by the window.

"I'm dreadfully late," said Milly. "Please don't be vexed, Miss Jo. I couldn't get away from Lina Walworth."

"I am afraid the tea is cold," returned Miss Jo, with lofty politeness.

"Oh, I don't care for any. I'll just eat a bit of bread, and we will start."

"A bit of bread for a girl who has danced till two o'clock in the morning!" exclaimed the spinster; then recollecting the *rôle* she had determined to assume, added, "of course you are the best judge; I never give advice."

Milly understood what it all meant; Miss Jo was tacitly declaring that she washed her hands of her young friend and her concerns. A creature with no more dignity or self-respect than she was displaying in regard to Albert Marston deserved neither mercy nor care.

There was an odd, provoking smile on Milly's lips, which she was careful to hide from her guardian, as she sat down at the luncheon-table. Mr. Southbrooke rose and brought her a glass of wine, speaking for the first time.

"If you are too tired to go, we'll put off the expedition," he said, kindly.

"I'm not a bit tired," she answered, "not a bit. I only hope Miss Josephine won't eat me. I never saw her really cross before."

"You have!" exclaimed the spinster; and long after she acknowledged that only the bliss of being downright rude kept her from bursting a blood-vessel. "Twenty times you have! I'm as good-natured as ever I was in my life, only you and Laurence go off to balls, and come home at indecent hours crookeder than two sticks, and then lay the blame on me! Bah! I'm sick of human nature—I wish I was a camelopard! As for fools, I do think Lina Walworth is the biggest one I ever saw in a petticoat, and I've seen big enough, the Lord knows."

Laurence laughed a little, and Milly tried to keep from joining him, but it was useless: laugh she must, if Miss Jo boxed her ears on the instant.

"If we are going at all, we'd better be off, I should think," said the spinster. "Laurence, if your brain has softened you'd be safer in bed! As for Milly, the tone and manner she is adopting of late are any thing but becoming to a young lady."

"Josephine!" pronounced her brother. The word was very softly spoken, but it brought the good soul back to her senses. Milly paid no attention to her lecture, and the three drove away, in a rather subdued mood; but before they reached the Spada Miss Jo relented, and was sweet as honey. Once in the gallery, her wrath rose to boiling heat again, for the first persons they met were Mrs. Walworth and Albert Marston. Miss Jo's reception of them was about what one would imagine Lady Macbeth's manner might have been at a Scotch dinner-party. However, nobody concerned was greatly troubled by her stateliness. Marston took possession of Milly, and separated her as much as he could from the rest of the party. The widow fastened herself to Southbrooke's arm, and as she was a charming conversationalist, with a carefully cultivated appreciation of art, he was not greatly to be pitied. They both tried to talk to Miss Josephine, but she was very terse and crisp in her answers—unreasonably as angry with her brother as she was with the others. He did not appear either indignant or grieved at Milly's conduct, and though she would have despised the weakness if he had, she could not forgive him for keeping her in a state of uncertainty and trouble.

This day was the commencement of a very uncomfortable month for Miss Josephine, though she was obliged carefully to govern both words and conduct. She knew that her brother watched her, and would resent the least change in her manner toward Milly; besides, after her first feeling of anger, she was too much grieved at the destruction of her private hopes in regard to the pair to have any room in her mind for harsher sentiments.

Milly went on in the most beautiful unconsciousness, apparently, that any thing was amiss; treated the spinster with even more demonstrative affection than usual, and never scrupled to rally Laurence upon his growing love of solitude, and the silent moods into which he gradually subsided. The Carnival ended, there were no more balls or dinners to keep people up till impossible hours, so during the pleasant sunshiny days there was leisure for sight-seeing. But all the beauties of nature or art soon became loathsome to Miss Josephine, because, wherever they went, Albert Marston either accompanied them on the expedition or managed to encounter them in any gallery or church in which they set foot.

The quiet Lenten days floated slowly past, bringing neither peace nor rest to poor Laurence, though he bore his burden, as became a man, in silence, with a patience which amounted to heroism. As Easter grew near it became too hard to bear; and one morning, at the breakfast-table, he looked up from a pile of letters he was reading, and said,

"I am thinking of running over to Vienna; the Macphersons are there, and seeing him will make it easier for me to stay in Europe until autumn: he is going home, and can attend to some matters for me."

"I'd be willing to start for America to-morrow," exclaimed Miss Jo, setting the tea-pot down so heavily that the table shook. "And why shouldn't we go to Vienna with you?"

"I shall be busy all the time; it would not be pleasant for you—"

"You are not good at excuses," interrupted

Milly, laughing. "The truth is, you have got one of your morose bachelor fits on, and want to be alone. Miss Jo, do let him have his way; we will go to Naples and Venice with Mrs. Walworth and her party."

The spinster could have throttled the young lady with pleasure, but Laurence was watching; so she leaned back in her chair, shut her lips close, and breathed like a person who had just run too fast up a steep hill.

"That was what I meant to propose to you," Laurence said to Milly.

"How very good of you to think about it!" cried Milly. "Go off and amuse yourself, by all means; we're of no consequence, being only women."

To free her mind, fall in a fit, or run away: one of the three courses was open to Miss Jo. She chose the latter; and, once in the solitude of her room, she sat down and cried as heartily as if she had been fifteen instead of fifty. Laurence talked a while on unimportant topics; then a servant brought in a note for Miss Milly, and he took refuge in a newspaper while she was reading it.

"Excuse me for interrupting you," said Milly, rather loftily. "I have an invitation from Mrs. Walworth for us to go with her party to Albano to-day. Do you wish to go?"

"I have seen the villa so many times—"

"That you don't care to see it again," broke in Milly. "That settles the matter so far as you are concerned. I'll send the note up to Miss Josephine to see if she likes the idea."

Presently the servant came back to say that Miss Josephine had a headache, and begged Milly to go without her. Milly's cheeks got scarlet, and her eyes flashed ominously.

"I'm so glad to feel that I am no restraint on your doing just as you please," said she; "it puts me completely at my ease."

"I am sure, if you wish it, Josephine would go," Southbrooke answered. "For my own part, I only meant to say—"

"Excuse me: there's no necessity for discussing the matter further," cried Milly. "I am going to the villa, and you to stay at home—it's all settled. A pleasant day to you!"

She was absolutely insolent in her careless disregard of the pained look in his face. He rose to leave the room. As he reached the door she called:

"Apropos to going and staying, when are you off for Vienna?"

"Next Tuesday," he answered, setting that date without reflection. "You will have a lovely morning for your drive. Good-by."

He closed the door without receiving any other answer than a careless wave of the hand: she was deep in her note again. Laurence walked slowly across the great antechamber, thinking a thousand dreary thoughts in an instant; above all, and saddest of all, coming the weak question, what good was his life? what hope had the future? what but vexation and bitterness were his fortune, his reputation, any good that Fate had offered, since she denied him the one happiness which could have sweetened and made valuable the other gifts?

"Mr. Southbrooke," he heard Milly call suddenly.

He looked back. She had opened the door of the breakfast-room, and was standing in the shadow of the crimson curtains, making such a pretty picture, in her light draperies, that he thought of St. Cecilia and Raphael's Madonnas, and half a dozen other famous creatures whom she was not a bit like.

"I beg your pardon?" he said, questioningly, moving toward her.

"Don't be so English," returned she, irritably. "Say, What do you want? American fashion."

"Say, what do you want?" he repeated, smiling at her through the trouble that dimmed his eyes.

"I want you to wait till Easter-Monday before you start for Vienna," she answered.

"Easter-Monday be it; the delay is of no consequence," he said. "You have some reason that you will tell me, I suppose?"

"I shouldn't be surprised if you found out the reason for yourself, returned she, and swept back into the breakfast-room with a bitter little laugh. The mocking sound rang in Laurence's ears during his long solitary walk, and made him deaf and blind to every thing but the sharp pain at his heart. It was all plain to him; before Easter he was to be told that Milly no longer required his sister's guardianship; she had made her choice, and would leave them to become Marston's wife. He was to hear the Easter bells ring out, see the sun of that blessed season shine forth, and know that for the murdered hopes and love lying in the chill tomb of his soul there could be no resurrection.

The days passed on. Miss Jo was so wretched with a feverish cold that she staid at home a great deal, but would not permit Milly or her brother to keep her company, and the young lady had constantly expeditions on foot, into which she dragged Laurence without scruple. Every night there was an opera or a concert, or somebody gave a reading, or did something else fiendish, and Milly must go, and Laurence accompany her to watch Albert Marston's assumption and confident graces, which he had a small, spiteful satisfaction in assuming whenever Southbrooke was present. Truth to say, the young man was any thing but as certain as he appeared; Milly's treatment puzzled him excessively. She was cordial and pleasant; but though their intercourse seemed to lookers-on a violent flirtation, he was astonished to find how she kept him at a distance, and gave him no inducement really to hope that his suit was a thing she expected to hear renewed.

Finally his atrocious vanity helped to a solution of the mystery. She had not forgotten his former treatment of her; she wanted the little revenge of holding him in suspense until he absolutely spoke the fatal words—asked her outright to marry him. He was violently in love with her now—what he dignified by that name, at least, and it certainly was the strongest sentiment he was capable of feeling, next to his love for himself.

He meant this week to put his fate to the test, and lay in wait for opportunities, which Milly skillfully deprived him of. He began to think it was Southbrooke's fault. The man kept hanging about her lately—he was doing his best to ward off any explanation. A bright idea at last occurred to the young poet: he would punish the stiff old fellow properly for his impertinence. Southbrooke should be made the bearer of the tidings, should be forced to tell Milly with his own lips of Marston's proposal. He had confided his story to his cousin—indeed, his present devotion was patent to all beholders. Mrs. Walworth encouraged him to believe that he had only to speak, and Milly would relent; and as the pretty widow heartily detested Southbrooke, she was delighted with the plan for humiliating him.

It was the day before Easter. Marston was announced to Laurence as he sat alone in his private sitting-room.

"I wouldn't have bothered you," said the young man, rather cavalierly, as he entered, looking so handsome and youthful that Laurence for an instant felt a vague pang of envy rise in his heart, "but the matter about which I wish to consult you is of a good deal of importance to me."

"Pray be seated," returned Southbrooke, courteously. "If I can oblige you in any way, you may count on my doing so."

"That's sweeping. Will you stick to it?" asked Marston, laughing, till Laurence caught the insolence intended, and his fingers tingled with a desire to throw him out of the window.

"I never go back from my word," he said, quietly. "Pray sit down."

"Thanks," said the visitor, and sat down directly opposite, looking full in Southbrooke's face with cruel eyes, which meant to lose no jot of the pain his words would cause. "Perhaps you can guess what brings me here?"

"I have very little fancy," replied Laurence. "You had better tell me outright. Not advice, I am sure, because I have often heard you say you hated that."

"I want you to do me a favor. As Milly's guardian, I suppose, too, it's *en règle* to come to you first."

Southbrooke's eyes never wavered; not a muscle of his face changed. "Wait," he said; "let us have every thing quite clear. It is my sister who is Miss Anderson's guardian. Perhaps you would like to see her?"

"No, no," replied Marston, hastily, for he stood rather in awe of the old maid. The opening was not so successful as he had expected. Southbrooke decidedly had the best of it. The young man's difficult temper was rising; he made his *grand coup* abruptly. "The truth is, I come as a suitor for Miss Anderson's hand."

"Then it would be best to go to Miss Anderson," returned Laurence. "All I can do for you is to inquire if she is at home."

"You can do more than that," he continued, more and more vexed, and determined to sting before he was through. "I may as well be frank. In the old days I treated Milly a little cavalierly. I never actually told her I loved her. We were both poor then, and I was *criblé de dettes*—"

"I think that explanation ought only to be made to her," interrupted Laurence, gravely. "If I know her at all, she would be deeply offended at your saying this to me."

The blood rushed to Marston's face. He had not explained himself as he meant to do. To receive a lesson, in addition to feeling that he appeared a vain fool, was more than his pride could endure. "It is always better to be perfectly candid," said he. "The fact is, I have every reason to think Milly will consider my proposal favorably. I should have had my answer before this, only somehow since I made up my mind to speak, you have never left us alone for a moment. I don't suppose it was intentional; but I thought it better to put the whole case plainly before you."

"Mr. Marston," returned Laurence, "for your own sake, I am very glad that you were not guilty of the meanness of attributing such petty plots to me. For mine, the explanation was not necessary; only, now that you have made it, I owe it to myself to show you that, so far from standing in your way, I am ready to aid you to the utmost of my power—"

Before he could finish there was a tap at the door, and Milly half opened it to call, "Miss Jo wants to see you before you go out, Laurence."

Then she saw his visitor, and added, "You here, Mr. Marston? I thought you would be dead after the fatigues of yesterday."

"Please come in," said Laurence, gravely. "Mr. Marston's errand was to you."

She entered the room and sat down, while the young man exclaimed, shaken out of his assurance, and stammering like a school-boy,

"Wait, Southbrooke. You place me in a very odd position. I owe it to—"

"I owe it to myself to be set right with both of you," continued Southbrooke, while Milly leaned calmly back in her chair and looked from one to the other. "Possibly Miss Anderson may have fancied the same thing of me that you did."

"No! no!" cried Marston, hurriedly; "I said distinctly I did not think it."

"This is all very confusing," observed Milly, sweetly. "Pray let me hear. I am quite able to tell what I have or have not thought."

"Mr. Marston came to me with the offer of his hand for you," Laurence went on, in spite of a broken attempt at expostulation from the young man. "He told me that he should have spoken to you during this past week, but that I was so constantly about you he had no chance. I wish distinctly to state, as I did to him, that if either of you were capable of supposing me guilty of such conduct, I should be sorry, for your own sakes."

He stopped. Milly did not speak. Marston tried a dozen speeches, and broke down in each.

"Well?" Milly said at last, turning toward Southbrooke with a sudden flush on her cheeks and a bright light in her eyes.

"Nay," said he, "I have done my part. Mr. Marston must tell his own story. I will leave you that he may do so."

"There is no necessity," returned Milly. "It's a little mistake on my old friend Albert's part: he has no story to tell."

"Oh, Milly, how can you speak like that!" broke in Marston. "You know I love you. Let me tell you—the whole world may hear! I did love you even in the old days when I went away in silence. I couldn't speak then. Forgive me all that. Don't let any shadow trouble the present."

"This is more poetical than clear," answered Milly. "You mean that you think I suffered at your going away, and harbor resentment? My dear friend, let me set your mind completely at rest. I like you very much, but there is neither love nor anger in my heart toward you; there never was either."

"Milly! Milly!" he fairly groaned.

"I thought my conduct from the first would have shown it. You force me to speak now in a way that I am sorry to do, but I have no alternative."

"You did care, Milly—you are not in earnest—you can't deny that you did care," he cried, so nearly out of his senses that he scarcely knew what he said.

"Oh yes," replied Milly, "but not in the way you fancied. I was a silly, ignorant child in those days, and you were my first admirer. I have learned what love really means since then."

"I don't understand. Who—what—"

"What taught me?" she asked, as he broke down again. "Having the love of a true, honest man offered me, and wickedly throwing it away. Laurence, this is a morning of confessions; but I am not ashamed. I owed you this much at least." She hid her face in her hands. When she looked up Marston was gone. Laurence Southbrooke held her close to his heart, and the dull, actual world had floated away out of sight for both her and him.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Among the disastrous results of the recent fire at Chicago, one not referred to in the public papers was the entire destruction of the building and collections of the Academy of Sciences of that city. This institution, first started by the energy of the late ROBERT KENNICOTT, Esq., and carried to its late condition of prosperity under the charge of Dr. WILLIAM STIMPSON, had already taken a front rank among the learned establishments of the country. Its publications embraced material of the utmost value, while its museum ranked at least as high as the fifth in the United States. Although believed to be fire-proof, the building, like others of the same character in Chicago, presented but little resistance to the flames, and every thing within the walls was destroyed. The loss included, besides the collections in natural history of the Academy, a large number of marine invertebrates belonging to the Smithsonian Institution, which had been forwarded to Dr. STIMPSON for investigation. The private cabinet of this gentleman, and a large mass of valuable manuscript belonging to him, embracing extended memoirs upon the mollusca, radiata, and crustacea of North America, with numerous illustrations, were entirely destroyed.

After a seven years' tour of exploration in South America, Dr. A. HABEL, a former resident of Hastings-on-the-Hudson, has returned to New York, where he is assiduously engaged in preparing the results of his labors for the press. Among the regions traversed by this gentleman may be mentioned the greater part of Central America, the Cordilleras of the Andes in Colombia, Ecuador, and Peru, and finally the Chincha Islands and the Galapagos. During this whole period Dr. HABEL was diligently occupied in gathering information in regard to the natural and physical history of the countries mentioned, especially in the departments of ethnology, meteorology, and zoology. He has already made some communications on the subject of his travels to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, and other learned bodies, and we look forward to his detailed report with anticipations of much interest. The guano deposits of the Chinchas were thoroughly explored by the doctor, who found them to be of a much more complicated structure than has hitherto been supposed.

Mr. MESTRE, the secretary of the Academy of Sciences of Havana, has lately offered in its behalf certain prizes for memoirs on subjects of medicine and natural history, indicating a gratifying condition of scientific activity in Cuba. Competition is open to persons of all nations, although the memoirs are to be written in the Spanish language. Among the prizes mentioned by Mr. MESTRE is one of three hundred dollars, proposed by the president of the society, Dr. GUTIERREZ, for the best paper upon a certain beetle which is very destructive to the sweet-potato. A full account of the animal and its habits is required, and the best method of protecting the plants against its ravages. The ZAYAS premium of one hundred dollars is offered for a paper upon the hygiene of children—to be written as an aid to mothers. Competition for these prizes is to close on the 1st of March, 1872.

A very important step in scientific education has recently been taken by the British government. A number of science teachers from various parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland were assembled in London for the purpose of attending practical classes arranged for their instruction under the auspices of the Science and Art Department, their expenses being defrayed by the government. In the section of biology thirty-nine students presented themselves; the course occupied six weeks, and the students attended every day (with the exception of Sundays). Each morning a lecture, occupying from an hour to an hour and a half, was given by Professor HUXLEY, and the remainder of the day was occupied in dissection, microscopic work, and demonstrations, in carrying out which Professor HUXLEY was assisted by Professor MICHAEL FOSTER, Professor RUTHERFORD, and Mr. RAY LANKESTER. The reports of the work and lectures daily sent in by the members of the class, many of whom had previously never used a microscope or dissected a single organ or organism for themselves, was entirely satisfactory; and the spirit and enthusiasm displayed throughout proved how greatly the value of the course was appreciated. Two microscopes were offered as prizes for the best work done, and the best record of lectures; and one of these was gained by a lady, and the only one in the class.

The aquarium at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, near London, is now in full working order, under the management of Mr. W. A. LLOYD. The ground occupied by the aquarium and its adjuncts is nearly 600 feet long and 70 feet broad. The sea-water reservoir contains 80,000 gallons, and the fresh-water tanks 20,000 gallons, in all 100,000 gallons, weighing 1,000,000 pounds. The main aeration of the water is effected by mechanical agitation, and by the growth of sea-weeds on the rocks. The animals at present in the aquarium are sea-anemones, (about twelve species and 3000 individuals), tube-worms (four species), star-fishes (three species), sea-urchins, lobsters, crawfish, edible crabs, spider-crabs, swimming crabs, and various other crabs, prawns (two species), barnacles, oysters, mussels, cockles, scallops, whelks, periwinkles, dog-winkles, topes, cuttles (two species), skates, angel-fish, lance, pipe-fish, lump-fish, sucking-fish, sole, plaice, cod, whiting-pout, whiting, rockling, wrasse (four species), goby (three species), blenny (three species), dragonet, gunnel, gray mullet, sea-bream, sea-scorpion (two species), poggy, gurnard, weaver, bass, and many other species of fish. A few of the animals consume green sea-weed, but the food of by far the larger number is animal, consisting of shrimps (alive or dead), crabs, mussels, oysters, and fish, but never butcher-meat. A full and very interesting account of this magnificent object, with drawings, appears in *Nature* for October 12.

Letters have been received from Dr. CARPENTER, who recently proceeded in the *Shearwater* to the Straits of Gibraltar, in order to investigate more thoroughly the phenomena of the current through the straits. He states that, in conjunction with Captain NARES, of the *Shearwater*, he has been able to accomplish a further series of researches, which place beyond all doubt the outflow of dense Mediterranean water into the Atlantic over the ridge, or marine water-shed, between Cape Trafalgar and Spartel, beneath the surface inflow of Atlantic water.

Mr. WILLIAM CROOKES, F.R.S., publishes in the October number of *The Quarterly Journal of Science* (London) a fresh series of experiments on the so-called "psychic force," mostly performed in the presence of the well-known "spiritualistic medium," Mr. D. D. HOME. Mr. CROOKES states that "these experiments confirm beyond doubt the conclusions at which he arrived in his former paper (published in the July number of the same journal), namely, the existence of a force associated in some manner not yet explained with the human organization, by which force increased weight is capable of being imparted to solid bodies without physical contact." Mr. CROOKES believes that this force is possessed by all human beings, although he has witnessed its exhibition in the case of but very few. Mr. CROOKES's previous account had not been received with great favor by the scientific world in England, the Royal Society and the British Association having both declined to take up the subject.

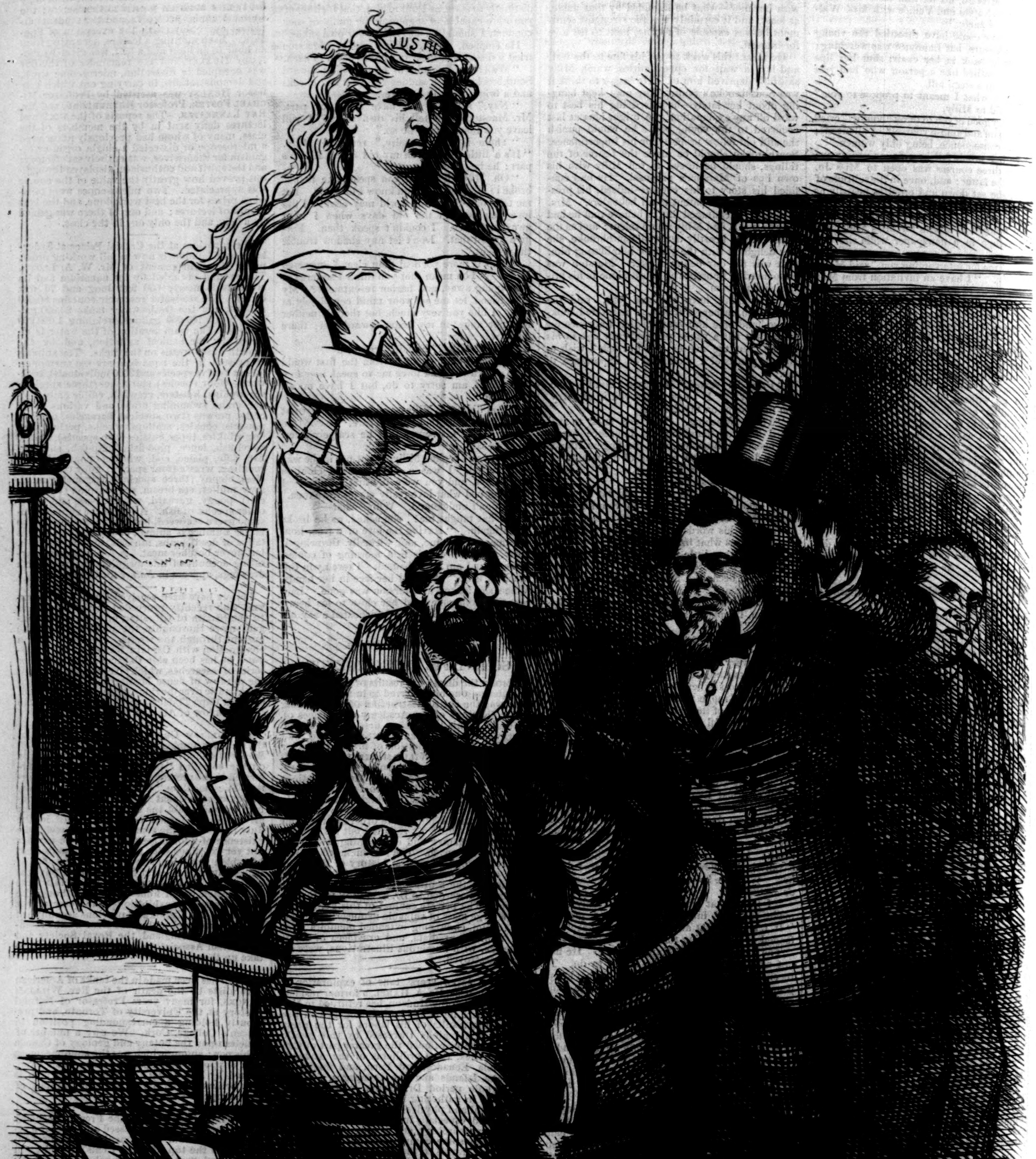
A gap has been made in the ranks of American naturalists by the death of the Rev. WILLIAM HINCKS, for many years Professor of Natural History at the University of Toronto, and previously holding a corresponding position in Queen's College, Cork. We owe a number of articles upon the botany and geology of Canada to his pen; among which was the announcement of a supposed new species of American swan, named by him *Cygnus passmori*, but which is now believed to be simply an immature stage of the trumpeter swan.

At a recent meeting of the French Academy of Sciences M. FAYE expressed a hope that a series of pendulum experiments would be conducted on the top of Mont Cenis, as well as in the central part of the tunnel recently completed, in order to test the effect of the mass of the mountain on the time of the oscillations.

According to *Nature*, geological science has met with a severe loss in the death of GERLACH, on the 8th of September last, in consequence of injuries received in falling from the mountains of the Upper Valais during the course of one of his explorations. This gentleman is well known for valuable works relating to explorations of the Swiss Alps.

The London journals announce the arrival at the Zoological Gardens in that city of a living specimen (since deceased) of the Panama tapir, described a few years ago as new, under the name of *Elasmognathus bairdii*, and of which an excellent figure is published in the *Field*. Although several specimens have been sent from Panama, designed for the London gardens, this is the first that reached England alive. It is not a little noticeable that this tapir, the largest and most remarkable of the several species inhabiting South America, should have remained undescribed until within a few years past.

The list of working men of science in America has lately been increased by the appointment of Dr. ALLEYNE NICHOLSON, late lecturer on natural history in the Medical School of Edinburgh, to the chair of natural history in the University of Toronto, made vacant by the death of Professor HINCKS.



THE ARREST OF "BOSS" TWEED—ANOTHER GOOD JOKE.

The Shadow of Justice. "I'll make some of you cry yet."

"Sheriff **Brennan** merely nodded to Mr. **Tweed**, bade him 'Good-day,' and laying his hand tenderly on his shoulder, said, laughingly, 'You're my man!' It seemed like a deliciously cool joke, and, judging from the faces, it was."—*New York Tribune.*

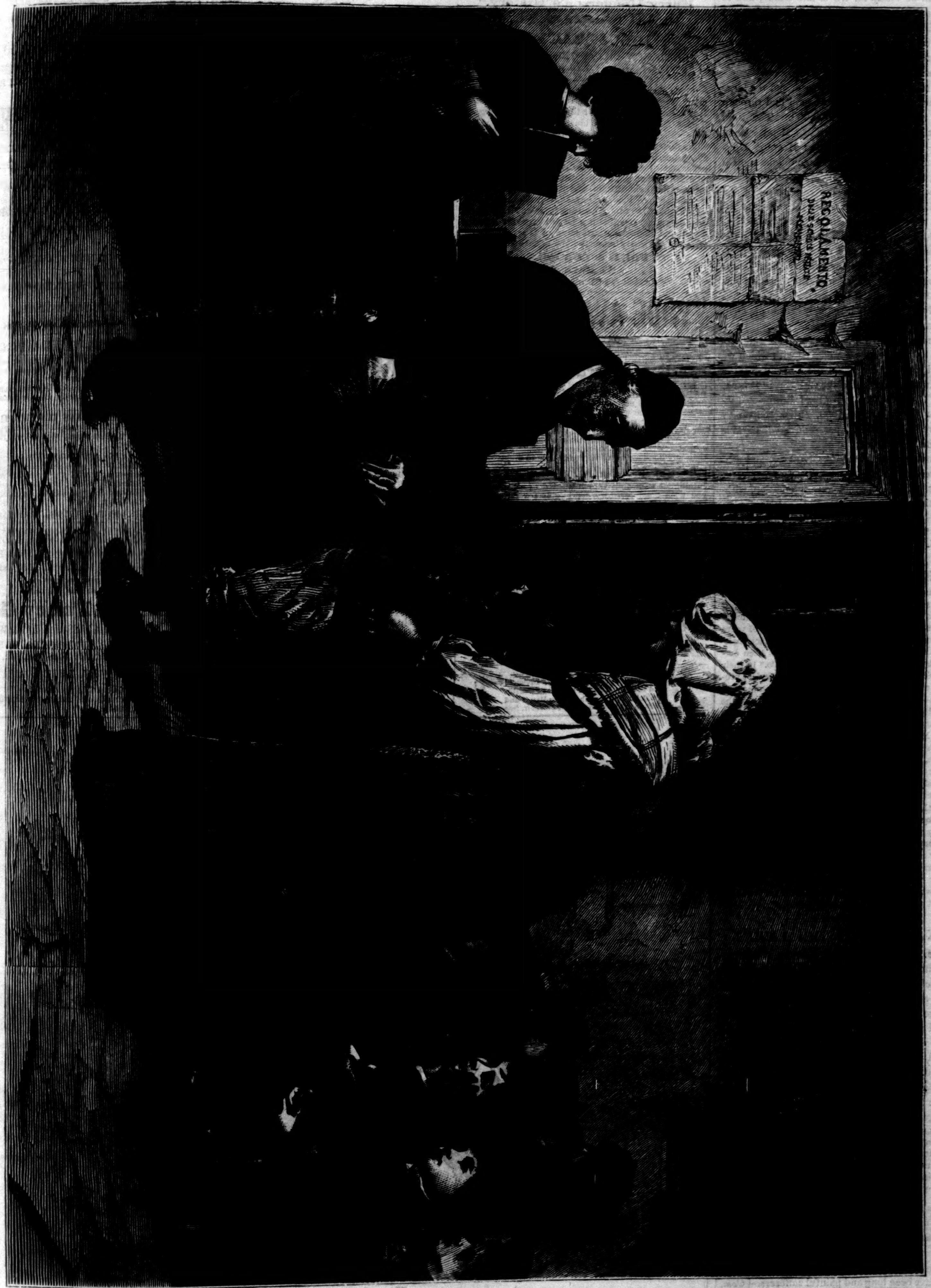
A SCHOOL AT ROME.

The illustration on this page shows the great advance which has been made in Rome since the occupation of that city by the Italian government. It is a scene in a school-room—not a place where, as until recently, only narrow-minded theories were propounded, and the early lessons of life taught from a prejudiced and one-sided point of view, but a school where universal knowledge and liberal ideas are inculcated. There is little need for explanation; we most of us know the feelings of a "new boy" at school, and we will only hope that our little friend, a new boy under a new *régime*, may reap the full benefits of the advantages with which both he and his elders have been so recently endowed as the first-fruits of national liberty.

The Italian government certainly deserves great credit for its energy in establishing public schools, of which fourteen day and eight night have been opened since last November, and, although at first, owing to the strenuous opposition of the clerical party, few scholars attended, these schools now contain 6291 scholars, of whom 3224 were sufficiently advanced to compete at the recent examinations. This occasion was made a day of public festivity and rejoicing in the Italian capital. There was a magnificent gathering of children on the slope of the Capitol Mount—such a gathering as Rome never witnessed before—to celebrate the release of popular education from the clutches of the priesthood, and to show what the free government has been able to do in a single year; and the children testified their gratitude to Victor Emanuel by patriotic songs and loud hurrahs.

This great movement is not confined to Rome. Nearly every city in Italy has eagerly seized the opportunity to establish free public schools. Even Naples, whose people were lower and more debased than those of any other Italian city, has caught the infection, and even the lazaroni have been seized by a mania for learning to read and write which perfectly astounds the priesthood. The government is fully awake to the importance of encouraging this new-born enthusiasm, in which it recognizes its only chance of safety against the intrigues of the Church. The large cities, following the example of countries where free institutions have had a longer existence, have set their schools on a solid foundation. Turin expends about $200,000 a year on free public instruction, Naples about $100,000, and Florence and Milan about as much as Turin.

When we consider that only a twelvemonth since there was not a single free school in Rome, and that the emancipation of Naples, Florence, and Milan dates but a short time further back, we can realize the magnitude of the work which has been accomplished. The government and the people join hand in hand to carry on the good work. May no priestly intrigue ever bring them under the old bondage again!



A PUBLIC SCHOOL IN ROME—THE NEW BOY.

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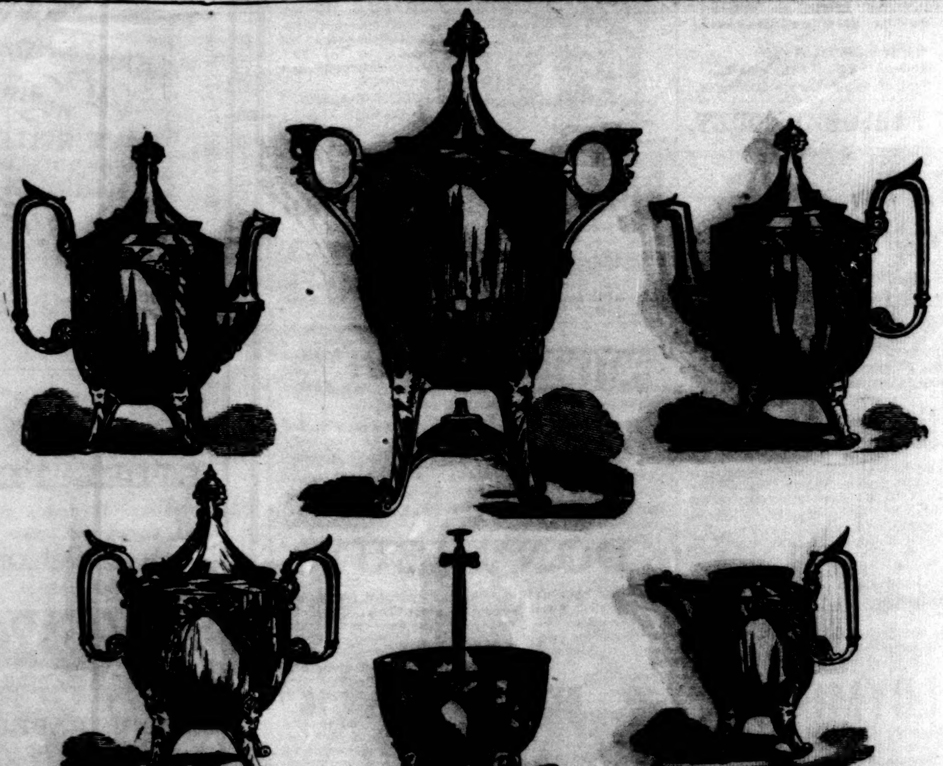

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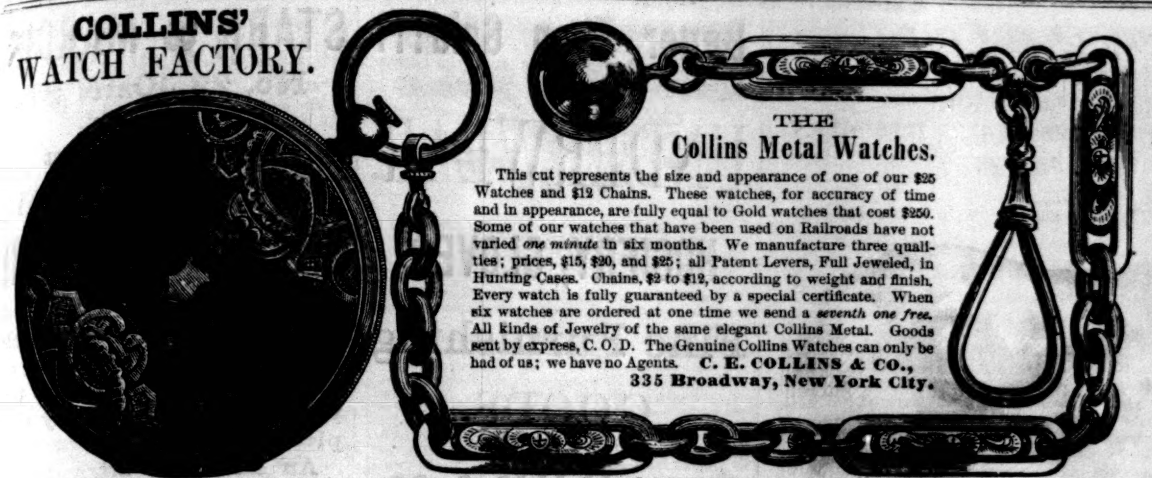

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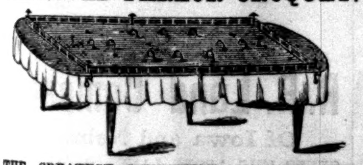

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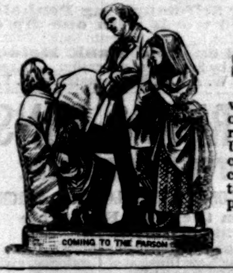

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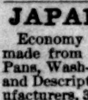

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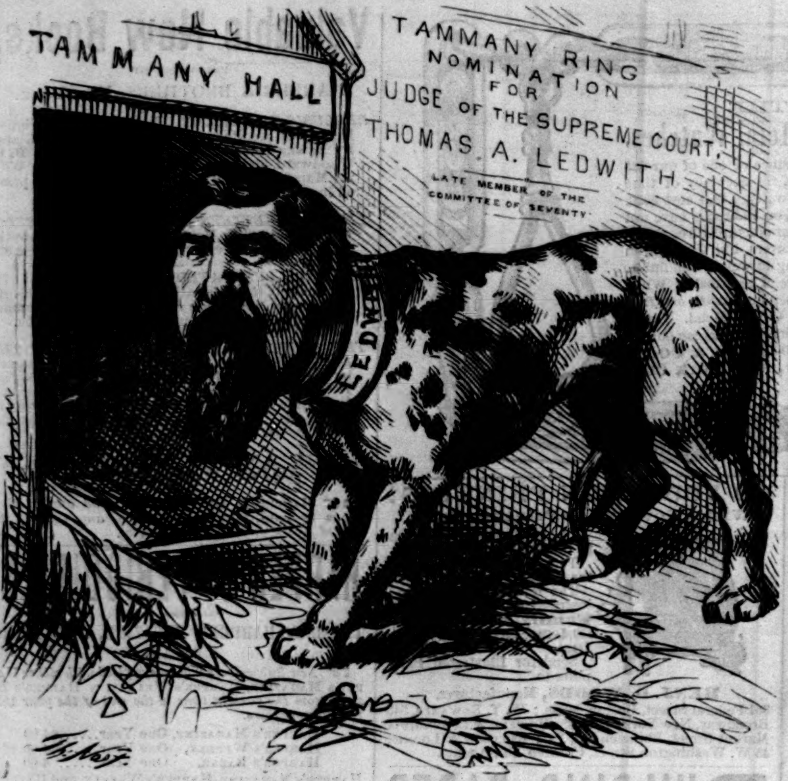
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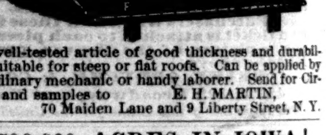
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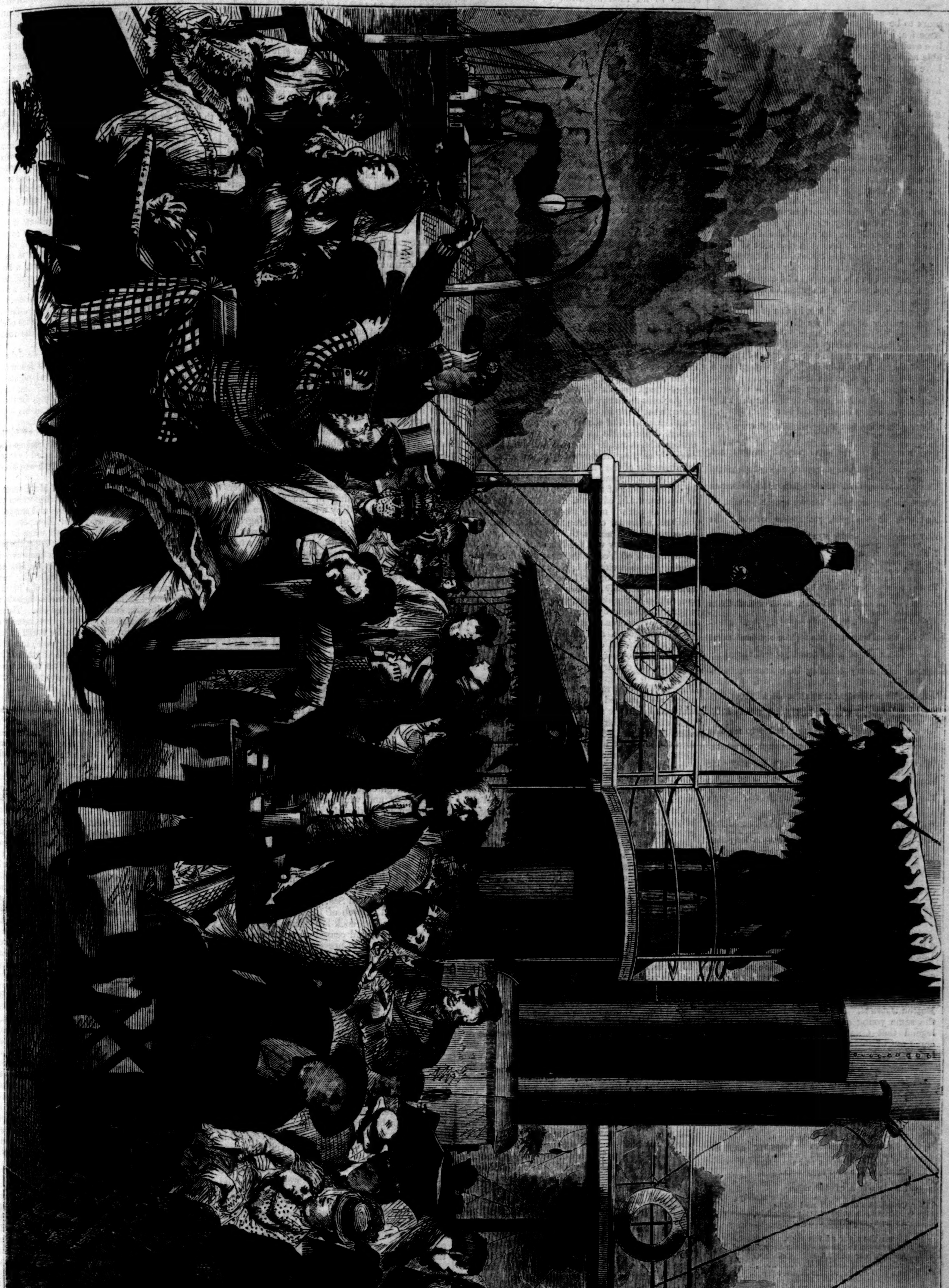


ON THE DECK OF A RHINE STEAMER.—[SEE PAGE 1090.]

THE CASTLED RHINE.

John Ruskin gives what at first sight appears to be a whimsical reason for not visiting America. "I could not endure," he says, "to live even for two months in a country so miserable as to possess no castles." Americans who have made the tour of the Rhine will appreciate the sentiment which keeps the great master of art criticism within sight of the splendid memorials of a glorious past. Boast as we may of the greatness and grandeur of our own country, most of us come back from the Old World with a feeling of regret that we have no antiquity. The future is all well enough in its way, but it isn't our own in the sense that the past is ours. We sometimes hear Americans rail at old castles and old times, but the feeling is never quite sincere. One of the most practical specimens of the great West, with whom the writer once made the tour of the Rhine, professed the most unbounded contempt for the country, especially for the ruins. "Ruins! ruins!" he once exclaimed; "don't talk to me about ruins. I'm *that* sick of them that I'd give a dollar this minute to see a good new barn." But in his secret soul he adored castles, and treasured up photographs and engravings of them to give a touch of sentiment to his Western home.

The voyage up the Rhine, in one of those cozy little steamers of which we give an illustration this week, is full of romance. Every bend of the beautiful river brings new splendors to sight. Perhaps we can not give a better idea of the impressions made by this delightful voyage on a mind fresh from America than by quoting some lines written by an American student while stopping at a hotel in Frankfort-on-the-Main. They have never before been published:

Looking from the Landsberg windows, down a dark and narrow lane,
In the old imperial city on the borders of the Main,
Over shattered gables, over weather-stained and crumbling walls,
Down upon the broken pavement, where the sunlight never falls—
There, in old imperial Frankfort, famous for its Roman Hall,
Where the Emperors hold forever speechless Diet on the wall,
And with life-like gaze, yet lifeless, overlook the ancient town
And the desolate empty square where they knelt to take the crown—
I, a wanderer from the New World to the Old, sat still and mused,
While the strange sights of my journey, into fleeting visions fused,
Passed before my eyes once more. 'Twas the ebbing time of light,
When day lapses into evening, when the soul has clearer sight,
Wakes to finer thought, despite a dim unconsciousness of thought,
And the actual swims before it, like a vision out of naught:
Like a vision out of naught, and yet not altogether strange,
Memory and fancy blending in mysterious interchange.

Vanished from my sight the gables old and rent, and darksome lane—
I was dreaming, I was wandering, on the glorious Rhine again.
River of Romance! thy rushing sounded in my ears once more
Echoes of the minne-singer and the strolling troubadour;
With thy grandest of cathedrals, beckoning with uplifted hand
For the master-builder worthy of the master-soul that planned;
Thy crag-rooted robber castles, mighty still though half o'erthrown,
Ruinous but beautiful, all with ivy overgrown;
With thy vineyards, that full scanty foot-hold find among the stones,
And whose fragrance stirs the marrow in long-dead heroic bones;
With thy Mainz, no longer golden and resplendent in the sun,
Founded in the early ages, when the new time had begun
(While the Ark still loomed gigantic from the crags whereon it sat),
By the grandsons of old Noah, wandering west from Ararat.

As the young American is evidently growing a little misty, we will leave him sitting in the old Landsberg to muse over the memory of his voyage; but in explanation of the line about the fragrance of the grapes, and its strange effect on the bones of the old heroic dead, we will quote a short poem which we cut from an old copy of the Boston *Journal*. We suspect it was written by the same young student. It refers to a Rhine legend that Charlemagne and his warriors come out of their graves at vintage-time to inhale the fragrance and bless the wine:

THE VINTAGE GHOSTS.

It was night upon the Rhine,
In the ripe month of September,
When the old heroic line
In their musty graves remember
The red blood of the lusty vine.

Lone, on the deserted deck,
I sat watching from the steamer
(Following the wizard Fancy's beck,
I, whom comrades call the dreamer)
Castle, cliff, and craggy neck.

Slowly o'er a crested ridge
Dim and ghostly shapes rose stately;
Cloud-like over cliff and ledge
Moved, in solemn train, sedately,
As on some aerial bridge.

Down the river of the vine,
Through the moon-lit air they floated,
And my ear caught strains divine,
As from minstrels airy-throated,
Sung in honor of the Rhine:

Sung in honor of the Rhine
And the vintage soon to follow.
Shades of old heroic line,
Hail, flown forth from caverns hollow!
Bless the vintage and the wine!

It seems like waking from a dream to descend from these airy heights to the deck of our Rhine steamer, crowded as it is with tourists of every sort, of whom not one in a hundred has a genuine love of the river and its glorious legends. The artist has given a scene from life. Every figure is a portrait. Doubtless many of our readers remember turning aside from just such scenes to fix their attention on the vine-clad slopes and castled cliffs. Ordinary tourists are not a pleasant set of people to travel with. They are always in the way. Their very presence is annoying, even when they have the civility not to disturb you with conversation. But this is one of the inconveniences of modern travel which have to be endured. Fortunately the view from the deck of a Rhine steamer is so fascinating that one can easily forget surrounding annoyances in the contemplation of the glorious scenery through which he is gliding.

To descend to still more prosaic matters, let us add that these steamers are admirably adapted to the navigation of the river and the wants of the crowd of sight-seers they carry during the summer and autumn months. The deck is narrow, but well arranged with seats and benches for the accommodation of passengers; and the table—which in pleasant weather is generally set on deck—is abundant, well served, and reasonably inexpensive. If one wishes to see the Rhine without undergoing the fatigue of much pedestrianism, he can not do better than make one or two voyages up and down stream in these steamers, stopping at night in any one of the pleasant little towns along the shore.

THE DRUMMER OF TEDWORTH.

One of the favorite ghosts of modern spiritualists is the "crockery-breaking ghost." This peculiar being apparently returns from the other world merely to play practical jokes in the interest of the proprietor of the nearest china-shop. It discloses nothing, lets no ray of light pass through the dark doors of death, merely indulges a malicious kind of coarse humor, and makes itself as disagreeable as it well can. A trail of broken dishes marks its path, and its visits are as costly as they are unworthy of the supernatural character of the visitor.

An instance somewhat analogous, often cited by the credulous of the present day, is the ghostly Drummer of Tedworth. The story runs thus, and in its time it made many a brave Cavalier shudder, many an old Ironside look behind him as he rode home across the lonely down. The scene of the story was the house of a Mr. John Mompesson, of Tedworth, near Salisbury, England. In March, 1661, this gentleman, who was a magistrate, ordered the arrest of a vagrant drummer (probably a real or sham old Cromwellian soldier)—drunken, impudent, and bragging, we may presume, by the fact that he accompanied his clamorous demands for alms with a noisy, outrageous, and deafening devil's tattoo on an old battered drum, which he would swear had smelled powder in five hundred battles, skirmishes, and cavalry affairs, from the rush at Edgehill to the great break-up at Worcester. This troublesome rascal was at last drubbed, secured, and dragged before the Wiltshire squire, who set him in the stocks or otherwise punished him, and gave the not-to-be-endured drum, in spite of the old soldier's vociferous entreaties, into the hands of his bailiff. There seemed no great cruelty in the case, and the sturdy beggar limped sulkily away, perhaps to steal a drum in the first barrack town, perhaps to die in the next ditch, or among the furze-bushes of the nearest down. There did not seem much to interest the supernatural world in the matter. The beggar might have gone on living, drunken, but reasonably happy, for years. No one could have presumed that Asmodeus, Mephistopheles, or any other of the sulphurous fraternity would have troubled themselves about a sham soldier's drum, or, indeed, that the beggar himself was warlock enough to have evoked such assistance. The result, however, proved that Beelzebub himself took up the matter very seriously, and poor Mr. Mompesson had a dreadful life of it. He would soon have given all the drums in England to have let that poor broken-down beggar alone.

About the middle of April, 1661, just as Mr. Mompesson was getting his valises, pistols, and saddle ready, preparing to start for London, the bailiff shut up the beggar's drum in the squire's house as a waif and stray of justice that no one cared for. When the squire was away, and the house in that rather nervous, sensitive state in which a house always is when under a female regent and in the absence of the master, there was one night an alarm of thieves. Voices were heard or were imagined, hands roughly tried the windows, heavy feet shuffled round some back-door. The thieves of those days were brigands, who thought nothing of murder and arson, and would boldly besiege a house that resisted them. Roads were bad, justice was slow, assistance was far off. There was great danger if the attacking force was bolder or more numerous than the defenders. It was just a question which had the toughest heads, and whose skin would endure the most sword-cuts. The old disbanded troopers of both sides made desperate highwaymen, and they had not by any means forgotten how to rifle pockets and cut throats. There was, therefore, great alarm at Squire Mompesson's about these rascals. They were discussed in the parlor, in the buttery, in the stable, in the still-room; and no doubt Mrs. Mompesson was more pleased even than a good wife generally is to hear the hoofs of her husband's horse beat a gallop up the London road. The squire would look graver as he stopped his news of the king's doings, and heard of the danger that had threatened all he valued and loved. Be sure the first night he ground his sword sharper, looked to his pistol priming, and placed both weapons near the head of the great plumed and cushioned bed. No disturbance came that night, however; but three nights after, the squire and his wife were awoke by alarming sounds, rude thrusts at the oak doors, and loud, defiant knocks challenging admittance. Mompesson was no coward, so up he leaped, put on his slippers, struck a light, snatched up his pistols, and down the warning stairs, that creaked as if they were frightened, he went. The hands were still beating angrily at the hall door; so he, angry and ready to give whoever was there sudden death in the shape of two bullets, threw the door open and held his lantern out sideways into the darkness, at which he pointed his weapon. But no savage face met his. There was no one—nothing but the vast, mute darkness, that receded continually before the light he carried. As he stood there the knocking began again at another door. Sure now of where the impudent thieves were, and eager to attack them, Mompesson flung back the bolts and dashed open the second door, expecting a rush of furious men as he did so, and calling, probably, to his tardy serving-men for help. But again there was only the darkness, and a sense of alarm and superstitious, creeping horror now began to steal over him. He went round the house and examined every door and window. There was nothing; yet still a certain distant, hollow, and unaccountable sound struck his ear.

Just as he got back into bed, and was talking over the extraordinary occurrence with his wife, a remarkable thumping and drumming broke out on the very top of the house, which, conveniently for these spiritual demonstrations, was built almost entirely of wood. It was now but too evident to Mompesson that sword and pistol were ineffectual against such an intruder, and that the spirit of the beggar drummer was bent on taking a ghastly and terrible revenge.

The noise generally returned when every thing was shut up and the house was settling down to sleep. After a month's knocking at outer doors and in the open air, the sounds grew bolder, and came into the room where the fatal drum lay. They were usually heard four or five nights in seven, beginning when the family was safe in bed, and continuing for about two hours—that is to say, till the drummer himself (probably some artful servant or accomplice concealed behind a panel) grew tired. The disturbance usually commenced with what contemporaneous writers vaguely call "a hurling in the air over the house," and concluded by a beating of the drum as at the breaking up of a guard. This agreeable nocturnal visitor continued his distracting drummings for two months, during all which time Mr. Mompesson, perspiring profusely with fear, listened to it nightly with strained ears. Whoever was the cheat, the ghostly drummer had evidently been a soldier, for he played well-known old Cavalier points of war, and the different tattoos.

During Mrs. Mompesson's subsequent confinement, and three weeks after, the drummer, no doubt from sheer compassion, ceased his maddening parchment music. After this the old malice again broke out, and the ghostly drummer raged again, worse than before, particularly tormenting the children—an unworthy occupation even for a devil. In the dark their bedsteads were shaken, so that people in the room expected they would fall to pieces. Those who touched the beds at the time this was going on could feel the shaking, but could not feel any ghostly blows at any special point. Then came dreadful scratchings under the children's beds, as if by some terrible creature with iron claws. Sometimes the frightened children would be lifted up in their beds, and, whatever room they went to, the annoyance continued.

The drummer and his crew became at last so unbearable that a clergyman was sent for to exorcise these untoward spirits. When he arrived, grave and important, and had been duly refreshed with good sherry, he knelt down at the children's bedsides and read suitable prayers, sufficient to have started any respectable ghost post-haste to the Red Sea. The spirit was, evidently, a good Church of England ghost, for it withdrew into the cock-loft while the prayers were being read, and ceased all scratchings and liftings of beds. But prayers over, the drummer grew more outrageous than ever, and defied all religious purgations. In the presence of an aghast company the chairs walked about the room by themselves, and the children's shoes were thrown over people's heads. Every loose thing in the chamber began to fly about, and even a bedstaff was gently thrown at the astonished minister, on whose legs it fell soft as a lock of wool, and sank to the ground without rolling.

Mr. Mompesson, perceiving that the evil spirit especially persecuted his poor children, sent them to lodge at a neighbor's house, taking his eldest daughter, a child of ten, into his own chamber, which the drummer had not disturbed for a month before. As soon, however, as the child was snug in bed, relying on its safety in its father's room, the cruel drummer again began his pranks, answering questions by raps on the drum. It was also noted, with horror, that the terror at the knocking spread like an infection to even the animals; for when the noise was loudest, and burst out with the most sudden and surprising violence, no dog about the house would move, though the rapping was so violent and boisterous and rude that it could be heard, like some gigantic death-watch, far across the fields, and even awakened neighbors of the Mompessons in the village, which was at some distance.

On the 1st of November, 1662, the spirit displayed himself in a new character. A serving-man, who was in the children's room listening to the supernatural sounds then raging, suddenly, in the full daylight, and in the presence of a crowd of frightened neighbors, observed two of the floor-planks move. Upon this he half mockingly asked the spirit to give him one of them. Instantly the board glided within a yard of him. He then said, defiantly, and proud of the response to his wish, "Let me have it in my hand," upon which it pushed close to him. He thrust it back several times, but each time it returned to him. This trick the ghostly plank repeated twenty times, till Mr. Mompesson, disliking any communication with the spirit that tormented the house, "forbade such familiarities." That same day a sulphurous smell spread through the room, proving clearly to those simple Wiltshire people that the whole affair was diabolical in its origin. Soon after that, the neighbor's house in which the children were, being full of visitors, beds were made up for the little ones in the parlor, which no ghostly sounds had yet disturbed. Very soon here invisible hands began in the darkness to pluck them by the hair and night clothes, but no drummings were heard.

About the end of December, 1662, the drummer seemed to grow tired, but there was next nightly heard a noise like the jingling of money and tossing and clashing of coins. It was soon remembered that Mr. Mompesson's mother had, the day before these sounds began, been joking about the money fairies were sometimes said to leave to favored persons, saying that, if the drummer would only leave some money to pay for the trouble he had caused them, she would forgive him. After this the spirit took to small mischievous tricks. On Christmas-eve, a little before day, one of the younger boys, getting out of bed in the half-darkness, was hit upon a sore part of his heel with the latch of the door—a latch, moreover, peculiarly difficult to unfasten. The night after Christmas-day the clothes of old Mrs. Mompesson were thrown about the room, and her Bible was hidden in the ashes.

The spirit then began to persecute John, a servant of Mr. Mompesson, "a stout fellow and of sober conversation." For several nights together hands tore the bed-clothes off him, or, if he held them fast, struggled with him for them. Sometimes his shoes were thrown at his head, or he was held as if bound hand and foot. But he always found that when he reached for his sword and struck round with it he became free, a certain proof, to any one not blinded by superstition, that the spirit was mere flesh and blood, after all.

A short time after this a son of Mr. Bennet, a neighbor of Mr. Mompesson's, with whom the drummer had once worked, came and stopped a night at Tedworth, and told Mompesson of threats the drummer had uttered when he was arrested. His servant slept with John, the persecuted. That night, as soon as they were in bed, the drum was beat violently in Mr. Bennet's room, upon which he rose and called his man. The moment the man had gone John heard a rustling sound in his chamber, and somebody, as if dressed in silk, came to his bedside. The fellow instantly reached for his sword, usually so efficacious, but, to his horror, he found it held firmly from him, and it was only with much difficulty and tugging that he at last got it in his grasp; and as soon as he had, the spirit, whose incorporeal essence seemed always to dread cold steel, at once left him.

The spirit was versatile. Early in January, 1663, there began to be a singing in the chimney before the spirit appeared. One night lights like corpse-candles were seen about the tormented house. A blue and glimmering flame came into Mr. Mompesson's chamber, and those who saw it felt a pain in the eyes. After the light some one, apparently without shoes, was heard coming up the stairs. The light was seen four or five times in the children's rooms, and the doors were opened and shut at least ten times. When they were opened half a dozen persons seemed to enter and walk round the room, and Mr. Mompesson himself heard the rustling of silk. At last the spirit openly avowed his evil design. During the knocking a gentleman, who with Sir Thomas Chamberlain and others was present, said, boldly, "Satan, if the drummer set thee to work, give three knocks, and no more." Three knocks, and no more, were then at once distinctly given. The gentleman knocked again after that to see if it would answer him as usual, but it did not. He then bid it, if it were the drummer, to give four knocks, and no more, that night, which it did, and left the house quiet all the night after.

On Saturday morning, January the 10th, an hour before day, the ghost beat outside Mr. Mompesson's chamber, then went to the other end of the house, where some gentlemen visitors were, played four or five tunes at their door, then passed away. The next night, a blacksmith from Tedworth sleeping with John, the servant, there was a noise in the room as of shoeing a horse, and something came like a pair of pincers, and snapped at the smith's nose half the night. It was now universally allowed in Wiltshire that the vagrant drummer had bewitched Mr. Mompesson's house and household, and countless visitors came to see the place and hear the sounds. The possibility of their being caused by some knavish servant, acquainted with secret passages in the walls or roof, seems to have been entirely ignored, except by a few stubborn skeptics, who, from the beginning, declared the whole affair to be a rank imposture.

New manifestations soon appeared as the tricksters grew more daring. One morning Mr. Mompesson, rising to go a journey, heard a great noise below, where the children lay, and running down with a pistol in his hand, heard the cry of "a witch! a witch!" but on his entrance all became quiet. The ghost that feared cold steel seems also to have had a respect for hot lead.

One night, after playing many apish tricks at the foot of Mr. Mompesson's bed, the ghost went to one of his daughters' beds, and passed under it several times, lifting up the bed as it passed. There were three kinds of noises heard in the bed, and on thrusting at the ghost with a sword it seemed to shift and avoid the thrust, but still continued the movement. The night after it came panting like a tired dog. On a servant taking up a bedstaff to strike at the invisible intruder, the staff was snatched out of her hand and thrown away; and when visitors came up to see the room there was a sulphurous smell and a heat, though it was sharp winter at the time. The spirit kept up this panting and scratching for an hour and a half, then went into the next chamber and knocked a little, and seemed to rattle a chair. This was done for two or three nights together. After this the old lady's Bible was again found in the wood ashes. The next night the Mompessons strewed ashes over the room to see what foot-prints would be left, and the next morning found, to their horror, the print of a great claw, some unintelligible letters, and many circles and scratches.

About this time a distinguished visitor came to Tedworth, no less a person than the Reverend Joseph Glanvil, chaplain in ordinary to his most worthless majesty Charles the Second, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and an intimate friend of Baxter and Mr. Boyle. He came, full of credulity, to investigate the case and report on the remarkable phenomena.

"I went to bed," he says, "the night I was there, about eight of the clock, when a maid-servant, coming down from the children, told us that it was come. The neighbors that were there, and two ministers who had seen and heard it divers times, went away, but Mr. Mompesson, I, and a gentleman that came with me, went up. I heard a strange scratching as I went up the stairs, and, when we came into the room, I perceived it was just behind the bolster of the children's bed, and seemed to be against the tick. It was as loud a scratching as one with long nails could make upon a bolster. There were two little girls in the bed, between seven and eight years old, as I guessed. I saw their hands out of the clothes, and they could not contribute to the noise that was behind their heads. They had grown used to it, and had still somebody or other in the chambers with them, and, therefore, seemed not to be much affrighted. I standing at the bed's head thrust my hand behind the bolster, stretching it to the place where the noise seemed to come, whereupon the noise ceased there, but was heard in another part of the bed; but when I had taken out my hand it returned, and was heard in the same place as before. I had been told it would imitate noises, and made trial by scratching several times upon the sheet, as five and seven and ten, which it followed, and then stopped at my number. I searched under and behind the bed, turned up the clothes to the bed-cords, pushed the bolster, sounded the wall behind, and made all the search I possibly could to find if there were any trick, contrivance, or common cause of it. The like did my friend; but we could discover nothing. So that I was then verily persuaded, and am so still, that the noise was made by some demon or spirit. After it had scratched about half an hour or more it went into the middle of the bed under the children, and there seemed to pant, like a dog out of breath, very loudly. I put my hand upon the place, and felt the bed bearing up against it as if something within had thrust it up. I grasped the feathers to feel if any thing living was in it. I looked under and every where about to see if there were any dog or cat, or any such creature, in the room, and so we all did, but found nothing. The motion caused by the panting was so strong that it shook the room and windows very sensibly. It continued thus more than half an hour, while my friend and I staid in the room, and as long after, as we were told. During the panting I chanced to see something (which I thought was a rat or mouse) moving in a linen bag that hung up against another bed that was in the room. I stepped and caught it by the upper end with one hand, with which I held it, and drew it through the other, but found nothing at all in it. There was nobody near to shake the bag, or if there had, no one could have made such a motion, which seemed to be from within, as if a living creature had moved it......It will then be said by some that my friend and I were under some affright, and so fancied noises and sights that were not. This is the eternal evasion. But if it be possible to know how a man is affected when in fear, and when unconcerned, I certainly know, for my own part, that during the whole time of my being in the room and in the house I was under no more affrightment than I am now while I write this relation. And if I know that I am now awake, and that I see the objects that are before me, I know that I heard and saw the particulars I have told. There is, I am sensible, no great matter for story in them, but there is so much as convinceth me that there was somewhat extraordinary, and what we usually call preternatural, in the business."

That same night Mr. Glanvil and his friend slept in the haunted chamber, and slept well; but about four o'clock in the morning a great knocking came, just without their chamber door. Glanvil started up, and asked who was there several times, but the knocking still continued. At last, mustering courage, Mr. Glanvil said:

"In the name of God, who is it, and what would you have?"

To which a voice answered, "Nothing with you."

Taking it to be a servant who had mistaken the door, Mr. Glanvil then lay down and went to sleep. But on telling Mr. Mompesson at breakfast, he was assured that no servant slept near that room or had business there, and that none of the servants were up till after daybreak. Nor did the supernatural events of that night end there; for presently one of Mr. Glanvil's servants came and told him that his horse was all in a sweat, and seemed to have been ridden all night. The groom being asked, said it had been well fed and dressed as usual. But that day, after a mile or two only over plain down, the horse fell lame, and died in two or three days after the completion of the journey.

The disturbances now grew worse than ever. Lights came in the morning into the children's chamber, and voices cried "A witch! a witch!" for a hundred times together. Another time, in the daylight, Mr. Mompesson, seeing some wood move in the chimney of the room where he was, discharged a pistol at it, and (no doubt hitting the rat that caused the movement) soon after found several drops of blood on the hearth and on the stairs. For two or three nights after that the ghost was quiet; then it came again, and began to torment a little child just taken from nurse. It would not let the child sleep for two nights together, and if candles came into the room they were carried away high up the chimney, or thrown under the bed. The ghost nearly frightened the child to death by leaping upon it, so that again the children had all to be removed. The next night something, about midnight, came up the stairs and knocked at Mr. Mompesson's door; but he lying still, it went up another pair of stairs to the man's chamber, and to John it appeared, in what shape and proportion he could never correctly describe, but large, and with two red, glaring eyes fixed steadily upon him: of that he was sure. It then quietly disappeared.

Another night, when strangers were present, it purred like a cat in the children's bed, and lifted up the clothes and the children, though six men held them down. The children were then removed to a second bed, that the first might be ripped open, but the annoyance began again worse than before. This continued four hours, till the children, getting their legs bruised against the bed-posts, had to rise and sit up all night. At other times ashes were strewn in the bed; and one night a long pike-iron was placed in Mr. Mompesson's bed, and in his mother's a naked knife, upright.

In April, 1663, a gentleman staying with the Mompessons found one morning that all the money in his pocket had turned black in the night, and a few days after Mr. Mompesson discovered his favorite horse in the stable with one of its hind-feet jammed in its mouth. Later in the month, for several nights together, Tedworth House was beset with seven or eight ghostly shapes, which, when a gun was discharged, shuffled away together into an arbor and disappeared.

In the mean time the real drummer had been going from bad to worse, and was at last committed to Gloucester jail for stealing. While in that place of durance a Wiltshire man came to the prison from curiosity, and the warlock asked what news there was in Wiltshire. The visitor said, "No news."

"No?" quoth the drummer. "Did you not hear of the drumming at a gentleman's house at Tedworth?"

"Yes, I've heard enough of that," said the Wiltshire man.

"Ay," replied the drummer; "I've plagued him, and he shall never be quiet till he hath made me satisfaction for taking away my drum."

Upon this being reported to Mr. Mompesson the man was taken and tried for a wizard at Salisbury. The drummer was indicted under the act (first James the First, chapter twelve) against any one who fed, employed, or rewarded any evil spirit. The grand jury found a true bill, but the petty jury acquitted him, though it was proved that he had boasted of books he had bought from an old wizard. While in prison the drummer sent to Mr. Mompesson to say if he would give him leave to work for him as a harvest-man he did not question that he could do him good in the matter of the noises. To this the Wiltshire squire, with discreet horror of wizards and witches, prudently replied that he knew the man could do him no good in any honest way, and therefore he would none of him.

Soon after this Mr. Hill, a friend of Mr. Mompesson, told the story of the drummer to a Somersetshire quack doctor. This man assured him that Tedworth House had become a rendezvous of witches, and that for a hundred pounds he would undertake to rid the house of all disturbances. He then, to prove his power, took up a looking-glass that was in the room, and asked Mr. Hill whom he desired to see. Mr. Hill replied his wife, who was then many miles distant. He looked, and at once saw in the glass the exact image of his wife working at her needle.

"The gentleman himself," says Glanvil, "averred that to me, and he is a very sober, intelligent, and credible person."

After about two years' vexation the ghostly Tedworth drummer finally laid down his obnoxious instrument.

Mr. Mompesson was much annoyed at the time by reports that the noises were the result of mere imposture, and wrote a public announcement denying that he had ever made any such confession. He really seems to have been an honest man, fully impressed with a belief in the supernatural character of the visitation. Mr. Glanvil says of him: "He is a gentleman of whose truth in this account I have not the least ground of suspicion, he being neither vain nor credulous, but a discreet, sagacious, and manly person, neither crazy nor imaginative." He suffered by the affair in his name, estate, and general peace of his family. Skeptics called him an impostor. Many others declared his misfortune to be the judgment of God against him for some notorious wickedness or impiety. His estate was injured by the concourse of visitors, and servants could hardly be induced to live with him. The king himself sent gentlemen to hear the noises, but nothing was seen or heard that night—a fact which delighted the disbelievers.

The whole story is a very remarkable instance of a long-sustained, apparently purposeless, yet successful imposture, and is a good example of the superstitions prevalent in the reign of Charles the Second. The noise seems to have been the result of some secret conspiracy of servants, whose intimate knowledge of the nooks and crannies of the house probably rendered them able to constantly vex and alarm the inmates, especially when the notion of ghosts and witches had been once started and confirmed by the rapping. The rats, with which the old wooden house was no doubt full, probably played a subordinate but important part in the same supernatural visitation. Addison afterward wrote a comedy on this vexatious imposture.

THE VINTAGE OF MEDOC.

Some account of the vine-growing district of Medoc, near Bordeaux, was given last week, to accompany the sketch of the Château Lafitte vineyard, which produces one of the best varieties of claret wine. The subject of the illustration in this number, on page 1092, is the place in which the grapes are pressed, in the *cuves*, or vats, provided for that use; this building is called the *cuvier*, and is an essential adjunct to the vineyard.

The best bunches are carefully picked out, and the best grapes of each bunch, to yield an unpressed liquor. They are put into a large vat, called the *cuve-mère*, where they are laid to the depth of fifteen or twenty inches; a gallon or two of Cognac brandy is then poured over the first layer, and a second layer of choice grapes is put in, followed by another large dose of brandy, or some other spirit, to excite the vinous fermentation. The *cuve-mère*, when quite filled, is closed so as to exclude the air, and, covered with blankets or wrappers, is left to its own working about a month, after which the liquor is drawn off. The ordinary grapes, meantime, as fast as they are brought in and picked, are pressed by the feet of men, dancing briskly to the liveliest tune a couple of fiddlers can play. The whole mass is then cast into the vats, where the fermenting process naturally takes place. The vats are emptied as soon as the liquor is cold, which is after the lapse of from eight to ten or twelve days. A certain portion of the more highly fermented wine from the *cuve-mère* is added to that in each barrel taken from the ordinary *cuves*.

Six months after the vintage, in March of the next year, the wine is racked, or transferred to a fresh cask, and sometimes fumigated with sulphur, to check acetous fermentation. This operation is repeated before the great heats of summer, and probably a third time in the following October, care being taken to do it in fine, clear weather. It is usual to strengthen the wines of Bordeaux with a mixture of good Hermitage, and Rousillon is also employed for this purpose with the second-rate clarets. No other admixture is justifiable or can be attempted without destroying the wholesome and agreeable qualities of the wine.

THE BETTER PART OF VALOR.

There is an old French verse which illustrates that favorite excuse of all cowards: "The man that fights and runs away shall live to fight again." Mr. Robert Bell, in his edition of Butler's poems, published in 1855, made a foot-note of a wonderful collection of epigrams on this matter. Butler has the well-known couplet,

> "For those that fly may fight again,
> Which he can never do that's slain."

On this Mr. Bell remarks that Demosthenes, when reproached for running away from Philip of Macedon, replied, "A man than runs away may fight again." Scarron has,

> "Qui fuit, peut revenir aussi,
> Qui meurt, il n'en est pas ainsi."

In Nicholas Udall's version of the Latin apothegms of Erasmus, A.D. 1542, there is,

> "That same man that renneth awaie
> Maie again fight an other daie."

And in the "Musarum Deliciæ," A.D. 1656, there is,

> "He that is in battle slain
> Can never rise to fight again;
> But he that fights and runs away
> May live to fight another day."

The prudence of Demosthenes has borne much fruit.

THE DISGUISE OF WOMEN.

In the island of Cos, as Sir John Mandeville tells us, there still lived, in his time—that is to say, during the fourteenth century—the daughter of that eminent physician, Hippocrates, M.D., who had then been dead, if history lieth not, nearly two thousand years. The goddess Diana, for some reason of hers unknown to Sir John Mandeville, had changed her by magic art into the form and figure of a loathly dragon a hundred fathoms in length. She inhabits—for one may suppose that she is still there—an old castle in the island, whence she comes out two or three times every year, but does no harm to any body. And she is doomed to remain in that form until some knight be found bold enough to kiss her on the mouth, disguised and hideous as she is. This once done, she shall turn again into a woman. Not long before Sir John visited the island a knight of Rhodes undertook the adventure. Mounting his charger he rode boldly into the castle where she lay; but when the dragon lifted her head the knight's courage left him, and he turned to escape; whereupon the dragon tossed him, horse and all, into the sea. This accident brought the adventure into disrepute. But there was another—a young man who knew not of the dragon. He, wandering about the island, came upon the castle, and entering it, discovered her on one of those rare days when she was permitted—in the strictest privacy—to resume her own shape in order to comb her hair. She told the youth, who was not yet a knight, that if he would go away and get knighted, and then come back and have the courage to kiss a harmless dragon on the mouth, she and all her wealth would be his. He went, was made a knight, and returned to the adventure. But, alas! when the dragon came out—so loathly and misshapen—his courage failed him too, and he fled in haste. She, when she saw that he turned not again, began to cry as a thing that hath much sorrow; and then she returned to her cave. Here she sits still, waiting for the knight to come who shall dare to kiss her on the mouth.

Sir John, of course, never expected that any one would believe this story, which we are to take as the work of an old bachelor, a misogynist, and as a very subtle allegory. It treats, under the veil of a local fable, of the disguise of women. Woman, he tells us, is doomed by the goddess Fashion ever to appear in some shape other than her natural one. She appears—occasionally, that is, when she goes into society—always in this disguise, and never doing any harm to people. In her own castle—that is, at home—she puts on her natural shape; but to the outer world she can never appear as she really is until a knight has been found bold enough to kiss her on the mouth. Then the woman's form appears; the disguise drops off; she stands before her deliverer, and reveals the precious secrets of her soul. Then the flowers of love and sympathy grow up and bloom in the sunshine of love, and the real self—starved and imprisoned hitherto—springs into the light of a freer and brighter air.

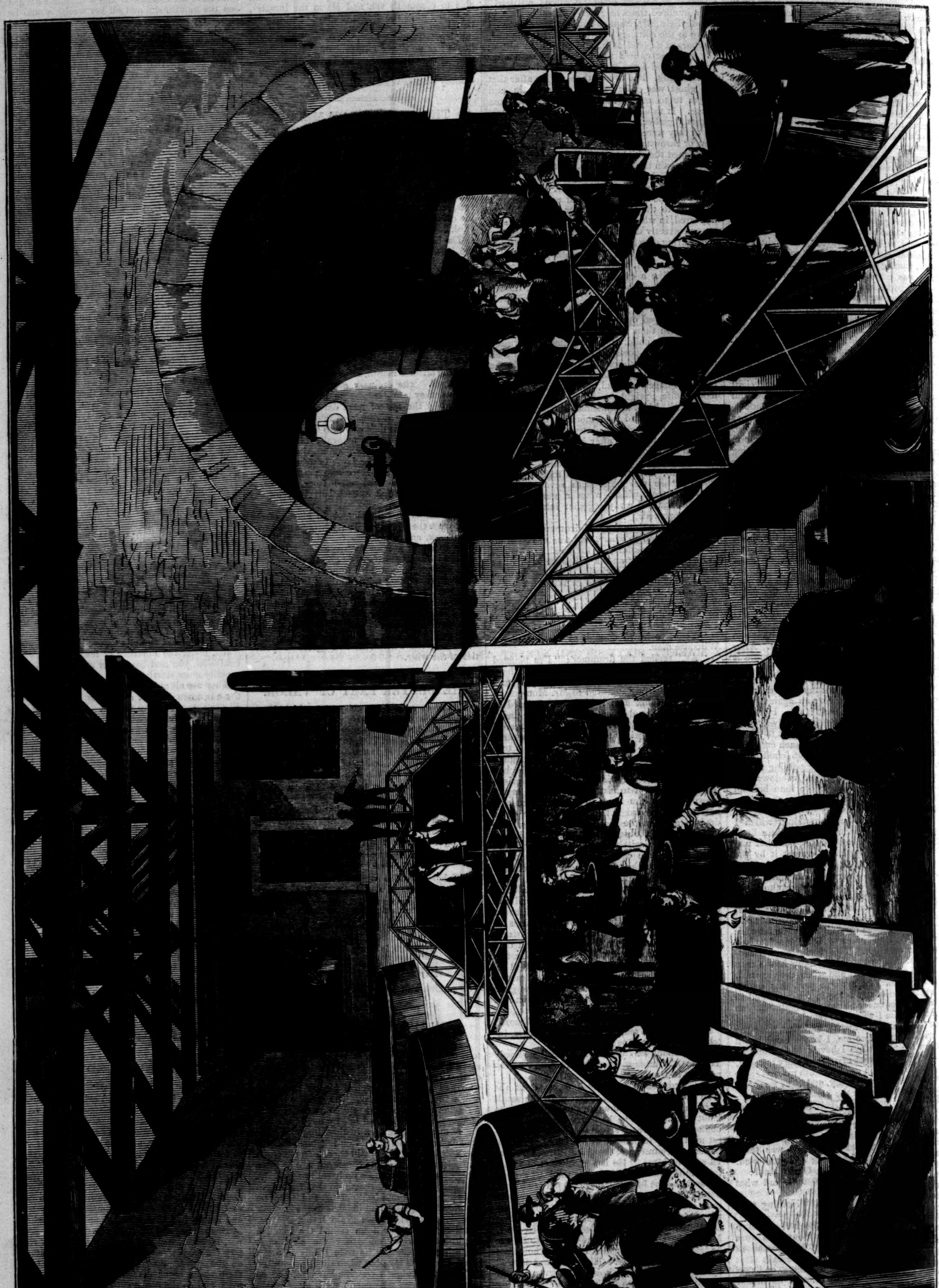
Modern damsels do not, it is true, assume the disguise of a loathly dragon. That is because Fashion is kinder than she was wont to be. But under other shapes they hide themselves just as well from the knights of these days. Every young lady belongs to one of a few types, under the disguise of which she goes out to dinner and into society. She is, perhaps, the young lady disguised as a butterfly, who always talks of balls and operas and concerts, leading one to believe—which is quite absurd—that all her thoughts are that way directed. Or she is, in the semblance of a dove, the religious young lady: she has given up her mind to early services, vestments, and confession, or to the spiritual welfare of Quashee and Sambo. The idea that any one is going to believe that is more absurd than the other. Or, perhaps, got up as an owl, she is the young lady who goes in for study, and displays more knowledge than the admirable Crichton. Now she can not possibly like it, or hope to persuade me that she would not much rather appear in her real shape. Or, sometimes, one has the luck to take in to dinner the young lady, disguised as a magpie, who loves to talk on the very confines of those mysterious regions where young ladyhood is not supposed to penetrate. Then, under the influence of fear, anxiety, and confusion, you find the dinner slip away with a rapidity quite startling.

They are all alike in one respect. Whenever there is a new book of any importance, they are all quite sure to have read it. Darwin, for instance. I have not read that author, and do not intend to, because I care nothing at all about ancestral honors. But I always pretend to an acquaintance with the book among my disguised young ladies; and, curiously enough, *I have never yet been found out!*

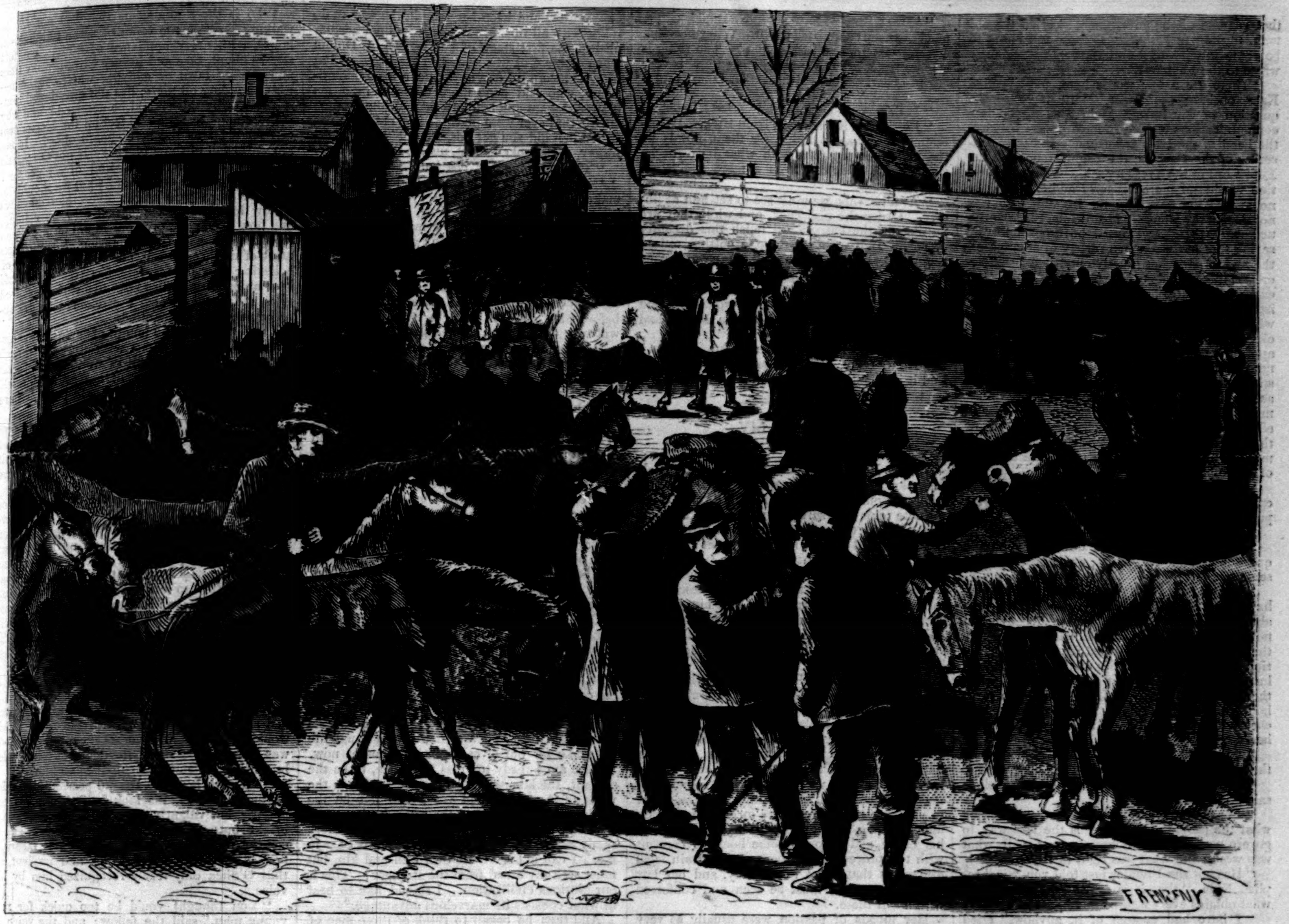
All this is the disguise of society. Why should girls be afraid of showing themselves to the world as they show themselves to their brothers? They may, if they like, spoil the curve of a lovely head by piling up a heap of false hair; or they may ruin a figure like that of the Venus of Milo by tight lacing—the dear little idiots; or they may inflict torture on themselves worse than any endured by an Indian Yogi by wearing heels three inches high, and so being unable to stand upright. All this they may do if they please. I am not a married man, and have no right to interfere. But what I have a right to complain of is that I can never get the damsels of society to show themselves as they are—to be natural—unless I go through that preliminary performance which the young lady of Cos wanted so badly. And then how do I know how she will turn out, and what she will be like? I am afraid. I am a lineal descendant of the knight who ran away, and I confess that I am afraid. Is there no other way? Perhaps this is the reason why, as Mr. Weller, senior, informed the world, more widows are married than single women.

SEVENTEEN HUNDRED YEARS IN THE OVEN.

One house in Pompeii had evidently been in a state of repair when the volcano-storm buried it. Painters and decorators and cleaners were masters of the situation. The household gods were all in disorder, and the family, if not out of town, must have been undergoing that condition of misery which spring cleanings and other like infections inevitably entail. Painters' pots and brushes and workmen's tools were scattered about. Tell-tale spots of whitewash starred wall and floor. Such domestic implements as pots and kettles had been bundled up in a corner all by themselves, and the cook was nowhere. Dinner, however, had not been forgotten. A solitary pot stood simmering (if it ever did simmer) on the stove. And (start not, for it is true) there was a bronzed dish in waiting before the oven, and on the dish a suckling pig all ready to be baked. But the oven was already engaged with its full complement of bread; so the suckling pig had to wait. And it never entered the oven, and the loaves were never taken out till after a sojourn of seventeen hundred years! They had been cooking ever since November 29, A.D. 79. M. Fiorelli has them now in his museum at Pompeii, twenty-one of them, rather hard, of course, and black, but in a perfect state of preservation.



THE VINTAGE OF MEDOC.—PRESSING OUT THE GRAPES.—[SEE PAGE 1091.]

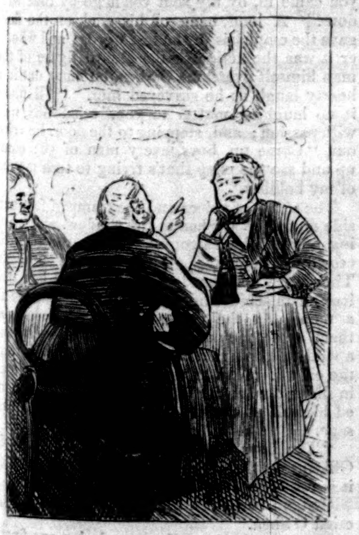


THE HORSE MARKET, SIXTY-SECOND STREET AND SECOND AVENUE, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 1095.]

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.



CHAPTER LIII.

"A SCRAPE."

WE have all of us felt how depressing is the sensation felt in a family circle in the first meeting after the departure of their guests. The friends who have been staying some time in your house not only bring to the common stock their share of pleasant converse and companionship, but, in the quality of strangers, they exact a certain amount of effort for their amusement which is better for him who gives than for the recipient, and they impose that small reserve which excludes the purely personal inconveniences and contrarieties, which unhappily in strictly family intercourse have no small space allotted them for discussion.

It is but right to say that they who benefit most by, and most gratefully acknowledge, this boon of the visitors are the young. The elders, sometimes more disposed to indolence than effort, sometimes irritable at the check essentially put upon many little egotisms of daily use, and oftener than either, perhaps, glad to get back to the old groove of home discussion, unrestrained by the presence of strangers: the elders, I say, are now and then given to express a most ungracious gratitude for being once again to themselves, and free to be as confidential and outspoken and disagreeable as their hearts desire.

The dinner at Kilgobbin Castle on the day I speak of consisted solely of the Kearney family, and except in the person of the old man himself, no trace of pleasantry could be detected. Kate had her own share of anxieties. A number of notices had been served by refractory tenants for demands they were about to prefer for improvements under the new land act. The passion for litigation so dear to the Irish peasant's heart—that sense of having something to be quibbled for so exciting to the imaginative nature of the Celt—had taken possession of all the tenants on the estate, and even the well-to-do and the satisfied were now bestirring themselves to think if they had not some grievance to be turned into profit, and some possible hardship to be discounted into an abatement.

Dick Kearney, entirely preoccupied by the thought of his intended journey, already began to feel that the things of home touched him no longer. A few months more and he should be far away from Ireland and her interests, and why should he harass himself about the contests of party or the balance of factions, which never again could have any bearing on his future life? His whole thought was what arrangement he could make with his father by which, for a little present assistance, he might surrender all his right on the entail, and give up Kilgobbin forever.

As for Nina, her complexities were too many and too much interwoven for our investigation, and there were thoughts of all the various persons she had met in Ireland, mingled with scenes of the past, and, more strangely still, the people placed in situations and connections which by no likelihood should they ever have occupied. The thought that the little comedy of every-day life, which she relished immensely, was now to cease for lack of actors made her serious—almost sad—and she seldom spoke during the meal.

At Lord Kilgobbin's request that they would not leave him to take his wine alone, they drew their chairs round the dining-room fire; but, except the bright glow of the ruddy turf and the pleasant look of the old man himself, there was little that smacked of the agreeable fireside.

"What has come over you girls this evening?" said the old man. "Are you in love, or has the man that ought to be in love with either of you discovered it was only a mistake he was making?"

"Ask Nina, Sir," said Kate, gravely.

"Perhaps you are right, uncle," said Nina, dreamily.

"In which of my guesses—the first or the last?"

"Don't puzzle me, Sir, for I have no head for a subtile distinction. I only meant to say it is not so easy to be in love without mistakes. You mistake realities and traits for something not a bit like them, and you mistake yourself by imagining that you mind them."

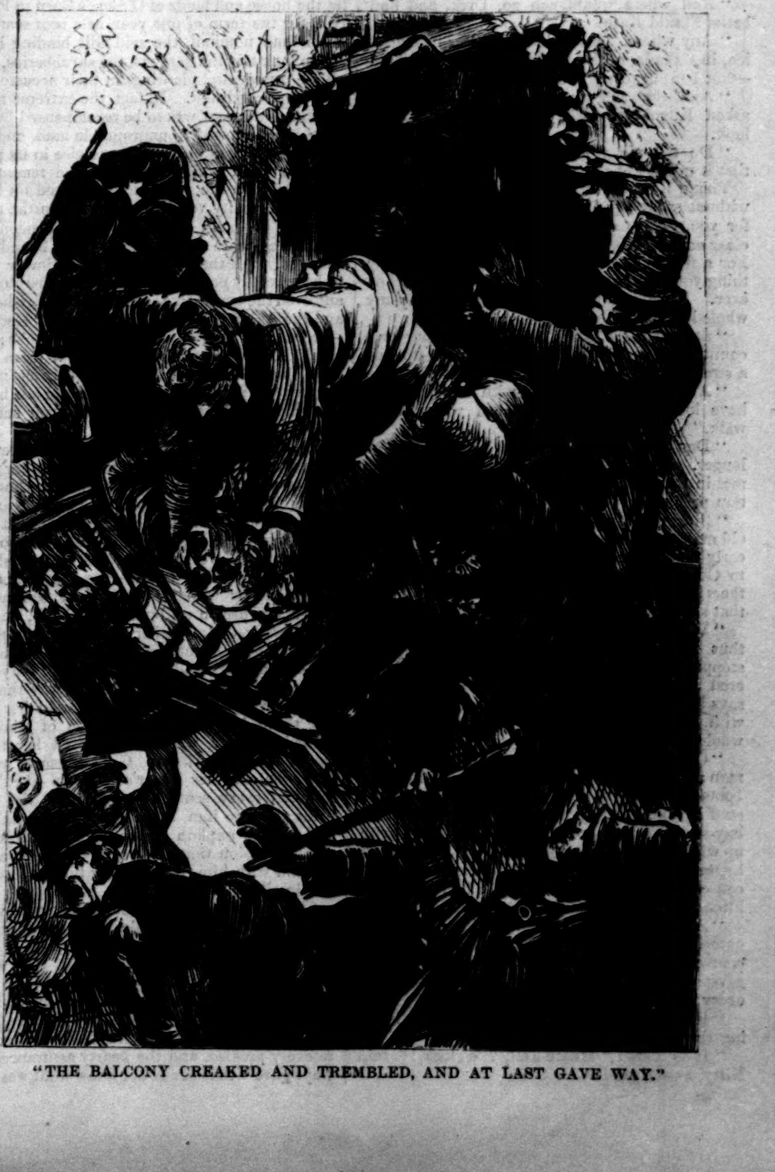
"I don't think I understand you," said the old man.

"Very likely not, Sir. I do not know if I had a meaning that I could explain."

"Nina wants to tell you, my lord, that the right man has not come forward yet, and she does not know whether she'll keep the place open in her heart for him any longer," said Dick, with a half-malicious glance.

"That terrible cousin Dick! nothing escapes him," said Nina, with a faint smile.

"Is there any more in the newspapers about



"THE BALCONY CREAKED AND TREMBLED, AND AT LAST GAVE WAY."

that scandal of the government?" cried the old man, turning to Kate. "Is there not going to be some inquiry as to whether his Excellency wrote to the Fenians?"

"There are a few words here, papa," cried Kate, opening the paper. "In reply to the question of Sir Barnes Malone as to the late communications alleged to have passed between the head of the Irish government and the head-centre of the Fenians, the Right Honorable the First Lord of the Treasury said, 'That the question would be more properly addressed to the noble lord the Secretary for Ireland, who was not then in the House. Meanwhile, Sir,' continued he, 'I will take on myself the responsibility of saying that in this, as in a variety of other cases, the zeal of party has greatly outstripped the discretion that should govern political warfare. The exceptional state of a nation, in which the administration of justice mainly depends on those aids which a rigid morality might disparage—the social state of a people whose integrity calls for the application of means the most certain to disseminate distrust and disunion—are facts which constitute reasons for political action that, however assailable in the mere abstract, the mind of statesmanlike form will at once accept as solid and effective, and to reject which would only show that, in overlooking the consequences of sentiment, a man can ignore the most vital interests of his country.'"

"Does he say that they wrote to Donogan?" cried Kilgobbin, whose patience had been sorely pushed by the Premier's exordium.

"Let me read on, papa."

"Skip all that, and get down to a simple question and answer, Kitty; don't read the long sentences."

"This is how he winds up, papa. 'I trust I have now, Sir, satisfied the House that there are abundant reasons why this correspondence should not be produced on the table, while I have further justified my noble friend for a course of action in which the humanity of the man takes no lustre from the glory of the statesman'—then there are some words in Latin—'and the right hon. gentleman resumed his seat amidst loud cheers, in which some of the Opposition were heard to join.'"

"I want to be told, after all, did they write the letter to say Donogan was to be let escape?"

"Would it have been a great crime, uncle?" said Nina, artlessly.

"I'm not going into that. I'm only asking what the people over us say is the best way to govern us. I'd like to know, once for all, what was wrong and what was right in Ireland."

"Has not the Premier just told you, Sir," replied Nina, "that it is always the reverse of what obtains every where else?"

"I have had enough of it, anyhow," cried Dick, who, though not intending it before, now was carried away by a momentary gust of passion to make the avowal.

"Have you been in the cabinet all this time, then, without our knowing it?" asked Nina, archly.

"It is not of the cabinet I was speaking, mademoiselle. It was of the country." And he answered haughtily.

"And where would you go, Dick, and find better?" said Kate.

"Any where. I should find better in America, in Canada, in the far West, in New Zealand—but I mean to try in Australia."

"And what will you do when you get there?" asked Kilgobbin, with a grim humor in his look.

"Do tell me, Cousin Dick, for who knows that it might not suit me also?"

Young Kearney filled his glass, and drained it without speaking. At last he said, "It will be for you, Sir, to say if I make the trial. It is clear enough I have no course open to me here. For a few hundred pounds, or, indeed, for any thing you like to give me, you get rid of me forever. It will be the one piece of economy my whole life comprises."

"Stay at home, Dick, and give to your own country the energy you are willing to bestow on a strange land," said Kate.

"And labor side by side with the peasant I have looked down upon since I was able to walk."

"Don't look down on him, then—do it no longer. If you would treat the first stranger you met in the bush as your equal, begin the Christian practice in your own country."

"But he needn't do that at all," broke in the old man. "If he would take to strong shoes and early rising here at Kilgobbin, he need never go to Geelong for a living. Your great-grandfathers lived here for centuries, and the old house that sheltered them is still standing."

"What should I stay for—" He had got thus far when his eyes met Nina's, and he stopped and hesitated, and, as a deep blush covered his face, faltered out, "Gorman O'Shea says he is ready to go with me, and two fellows with less to detain them in their own country would be hard to find."

"O'Shea will do well enough," said the old man; "he was not brought up to kid-leather boots and silk linings in his great-coat. There's stuff in *him*, and if it comes to sleeping under a hay-stack or dining on a red herring he'll not rise up with rheumatism or heart-burn. And, what's better than all, he'll not think himself a hero because he mends his own boots or lights his own kitchen fire."

"A letter for your honor," said the servant, entering with a very informal-looking note on coarse paper, and fastened with a wafer. "The gossoon, Sir, is waiting for an answer; he run every mile from Moate."

"Read it, Kitty," said the old man, not heeding the servant's comment.

"It is dated 'Moate Jail, 7 o'clock,'" said Kitty, as she read:

"'DEAR SIR,—I have got into a stupid scrape, and have been committed to jail. Will you come, or send some one to bail me out? The thing is a mere trifle, but the "being locked up" is very hard to bear. Yours always, G. O'SHEA.'"

"Is this more Fenian work?" cried Kilgobbin.

"I'm certain it is not, Sir," said Dick. "Gorman O'Shea has no liking for them, nor is he the man to sympathize with what he owns he can not understand. It is a mere accidental row."

"At all events, we must see to set him at liberty. Order the gig, Dick, and while they are putting on the harness I'll finish this decanter of port. If it wasn't that we're getting retired shop-keepers on the bench we'd not see an O'Shea sent to prison like a gossoon that stole a bunch of turnips."

"What has he been doing, I wonder?" said Nina, as she drew her arm within Kate's and left the room.

"Some loud talk in the bar parlor, perhaps," was Kate's reply, and the toss of her head as she said it implied more even than the words.

CHAPTER LIV.

"HOW IT BEFELL."

WHILE Lord Kilgobbin and his son are plodding along toward Moate with a horse not long released from the harrow, and over a road which the late rains had sorely damaged, the moment is not inopportune to explain the nature of the incident, small enough in its way, that called on them for this journey at night-fall. It befell that when Miss Betty, indignant at her nephew's defection, and outraged that he should descend to call at Kilgobbin, determined to cast him off forever, she also resolved upon a project over which she had long meditated, and to which the conversation at her late dinner greatly predisposed her.

The growing unfertility of the land, the sturdy rejection of the authority of the Church, manifested in so many ways by the people, had led Miss O'Shea to speculate more on the insecurity of landed property in Ireland than all the long list of outrages scheduled at Assizes, or all the burning haggards that ever flared in a wintry sky. Her notion was to retire into some religious sisterhood, and, away from life and its cares, to pass her remaining years in holy meditation and piety. She would have liked to have sold her estate, and endowed some house or convent with the proceeds, but there were certain legal difficulties that stood in the way, and her law agent, M'Keown, must be seen and conferred with about these.

Her moods of passion were usually so very violent that she would stop at nothing; and in the torrent of her anger she would decide on a course of action which would color a whole lifetime. On the present occasion her first step was to write and acquaint M'Keown that she would be at Moodie's Hotel, Dominick Street, the same evening, and begged he might call there at eight or nine o'clock, as her business with him was pressing. Her next care was to let the house and lands of O'Shea's Barn to Peter Gill, for the term of one year, at a rent scarcely more than nominal, the said Gill binding himself to maintain the gardens, the shrubberies, and all the ornamental plantings in their accustomed order and condition. In fact, the extreme moderation of the rent was to be recompensed by the large space allotted to unprofitable land, and the great care he was pledged to exercise in its preservation; and while nominally the tenant, so manifold were the obligations imposed on him, he was in reality very little other than the caretaker of O'Shea's Barn and its dependencies. No fences were to be altered, or boundaries changed. All the copses of young timber were to be carefully protected by palings as heretofore, and even the ornamental cattle—the short-horns, and the Alderneys, and a few favorite "Kerries"—were to be kept on the allotted paddocks; and to old Kattoo herself was allotted a loose box, with a small field attached to it, where she might saunter at will, and ruminate over the less happy quadrupeds that had to work for their subsistence.

Now though Miss Betty, in the full torrent of her anger, had that much of method in her madness to remember the various details whose interests were the business of her daily life, and so far made provision for the future of her pet cows and horses and dogs and Guinea-fowls, so that if she should ever resolve to return she should find all as she had left it—the short paper of agreement by which she accepted Gill as her tenant was drawn up by her own hand, unaided by a lawyer, and, whether from the intemperate haste of the moment or an unbounded confidence in Gill's honesty and fidelity, was not only carelessly expressed, but worded in a way that implied how her trustfulness exonerated her from any thing beyond the expression of what she wished for and what she believed her tenant would strictly perform. Gill's repeated phrase of "whatever her honor's ladyship liked" had followed every sentence as she read the document aloud to him, and the only real puzzle she had was to explain to the poor man's simple comprehension that she was not making a hard bargain with him, but treating him handsomely and in all confidence.

Shrewd and sharp as the old lady was, versed in the habits of the people, and long trained to suspect a certain air of dullness, by which, when asking the explanation of a point, they watch, with a native casuistry, to see what flaw or chink may open an equivocal meaning or intention, she was thoroughly convinced by the simple and unreasoning concurrence this humble man gave to every proviso, and the hearty assurance he always gave "that her honor knew what was best: God reward and keep her long in the way to do it!"—with all this, Miss O'Shea had not accomplished the first stage of her journey to Dublin when Peter Gill was seated in the office of Pat M'Evoy, the attorney at Moate, a smart practitioner, who had done more to foster litigation between tenant and landlord than all the "grievances" that ever were placarded by the press.

"When did you get this, Peter?" said the attorney, as he looked about, unable to find a date.

"This morning, Sir, just before she started."

"You'll have to come before a magistrate and make an oath of the date; and, by my conscience, it's worth the trouble."

"Why, Sir, what's in it?" cried Peter, eagerly.

"I'm no lawyer if she hasn't given you a clear possession of the place, subject to certain trusts, and even for the non-performance of these there is no penalty attached. When Counselor Holmes comes down at the Assizes I'll lay a case before him, and I'll wager a trifle, Peter, you will turn out to be an estated gentleman."

"Blood alive!" was all Peter could utter.

Though the conversation that ensued occupied more than an hour, it is not necessary that we should repeat what occurred, nor state more than the fact that Peter went home fully assured that if O'Shea's Barn was not his own indisputably, it would be very hard to dispossess him, and that, at all events, the occupation was secure to him for the present. The importance that the law always attaches to possession Mr. M'Evoy took care to impress on Gill's mind, and he fully convinced him that a forcible seizure of the premises was far more to be apprehended than the slower process of a suit and a verdict.

It was about the third week after this opinion had been given when young O'Shea walked over from Kilgobbin Castle to the Barn, intending to see his aunt and take his farewell of her.

Though he had steeled his heart against the emotions such a leave-taking was likely to evoke, he was in no wise prepared for the feelings the old place itself would call up; and as he opened a little wicket that led by a shrubbery walk to the cottage he was glad to throw himself on the first seat he could find, and wait till his heart could beat more measuredly. What a strange thing was life—at least that conventional life we make for ourselves—was his thought now. "Here am I ready to cross the globe, to be the servant, the laborer, of some rude settler in the wilds of Australia, and yet I can not be the herdsman here, and tend the cattle in the scenes that I love, where every tree, every bush, every shady nook, and every running stream is dear to me. I can not serve my own kith and kin, but must seek my bread from the stranger! This is our glorious civilization. I should like to hear in what consists its marvelous advantage."

And then he began to think of those men of whom he had often heard, gentlemen and men of refinement, who had gone out to Australia, and who, in all the drudgery of daily labor—herding cattle on the plains, or conducting droves of horses long miles away—still managed to retain the habits of their better days, and by the instinct of the breeding, which had become a nature, to keep intact in their hearts the thoughts and the sympathies and the affections that made them gentlemen.

"If my dear aunt only knew me as I know myself, she would let me stay here and serve her as the humblest laborer on her land. I can see no indignity in being poor and faring hardly. I have known coarse food and coarse clothing, and I never found that they either damped my courage or soured my temper."

It might not seem exactly the appropriate moment to have bethought him of the solace of companionship in such poverty, but somehow his thoughts *did* take that flight, and, unwarrantable as was the notion, he fancied himself returning at night-fall to his lowly cabin, and a certain girlish figure, whom our reader knows as Kate Kearney, standing watching for his coming.

There was no one to be seen about as he approached the house. The hall door, however, lay open. He entered and passed on to the little breakfast parlor on the left. The furniture was the same as before, but a coarse fustian jacket was thrown on the back of a chair, and a clay pipe and a paper of tobacco stood on the table. While he was examining these objects with some attention a very ragged urchin of some ten or eleven years entered the room with a furtive step, and stood watching him. From this fellow all that he could hear was that Miss Betty was gone away, and that Peter was at the Kilbeggan market, and though he tried various questions, no other answers than these were to be obtained. Gorman now tried to see the drawing-room and the library, but these, as well as the dining-room, were all locked. He next essayed the bedrooms, but with the same unsuccess. At length he turned to his own well-known corner—the well-remembered little "green room"—which he loved to think his own. This too was locked; but Gorman remembered that by pressing the door underneath with his walking-stick he could lift the bolt from the old-fashioned receptacle that held it, and open the door. Curious to have a last look at a spot dear by so many memories, he tried the old artifice, and succeeded.

He had still on his watch-chain the little key of an old marquetry cabinet, where he was wont to write; and now he was determined to write a last letter to his aunt from the old spot, and send her his good-by from the very corner where he had often come to wish her "good-night."

He opened the window and walked out on the little wooden balcony, from which the view extended over the lawn and the broad belt of wood that fenced the demesne. The Sliebh Bloom Mountain shone in the distance, and in the calm of an evening sunlight the whole picture had something in its silence and peacefulness of almost rapturous charm.

Who is there among us that has not felt in walking through the room of some uninhabited house, with every appliance of human comfort strewn about, ease and luxury within, wavy trees and sloping lawn or eddying waters without—who, in seeing all these, has not questioned himself as to why this should be deserted? and why is there none to taste and feel all the blessedness of such a lot as life here should offer? Is not the world full of these places? Is not the puzzle of this query of all lands and of all peoples? That ever-present delusion of what we should do, what be, if we were aught other than ourselves—how happy, how contented, how unrepining, and how good: ay, even our moral nature comes into the compact—this delusion, I say, besets most of us through life, and we never weary of believing how cruelly fate has treated us, and how unjust destiny has been to a variety of good gifts and graces which are doomed to die unrecognized and unrequited.

I will not go to the length of saying that Gorman O'Shea's reflections went thus far, though they did go to the extent of wondering why his aunt had left this lovely spot, and asking himself again and again where she could possibly have found any thing to replace it.

"My dearest aunt," wrote he, "in my own old room, at the dear old desk, and on the spot knitted to my heart by happiest memories, I sit down to send you my last good-by ere I leave Ireland forever.

"It is in no mood of passing fretfulness or impatience that I resolve to go and seek my fortune in Australia. As I feel now, believing you are displeased with me, I have no heart to go further into the question of my own selfish interests, nor say why I resolve to give up soldiering, and why I turn to a new existence. Had I been to you what I have hitherto been—had I the assurance that I possessed the old claim on your love which made me regard you as a dear mother—I should tell you of every step that has led me to this determination, and how carefully and anxiously I tried to study what might be the turning-point of my life."

When he had written thus far, and his eyes had already grown glassy with the tears which would force their way across them, a heavy foot was heard on the stairs, the door was burst rudely open, and Peter Gill stood before him.

No longer, however, the old peasant in shabby clothes, and with his look half shy, half sycophantic, but vulgarly dressed in broadcloth and bright buttons, a tall hat on his head, and a crimson cravat round his neck. His face was flushed, and his eye flashing and insolent, so that O'Shea only feebly recognized him by his voice.

"You thought you'd be too quick for me, young man," said the fellow; and the voice in its thickness showed he had been drinking, "and that you would do your bit of writing there before I'd be back, but I was up to you."

"I really do not know what you mean," cried O'Shea, rising; "and as it is only too plain you have been drinking, I do not care to ask you."

"Whether I was drinking or no is my own business; there's none to call me to account now. I'm here in my own house, and I order you to leave it, and if you don't go by the way you came in, by my soul you'll go by that window!" A loud bang of his stick on the floor gave the emphasis to the last words; and whether it was the action or the absurd figure of the man himself overcame O'Shea, he burst out in a hearty laugh as he surveyed him. "I'll make it no laughing matter to you," cried Gill, wild with passion; and, stepping to the door, he cried out, "Come up, boys, every man of ye: come up and see the chap that's trying to turn me out of my holding."

The sound of voices and the tramp of feet outside now drew O'Shea to the window, and, passing out on the balcony, he saw a considerable crowd of country people assembled beneath. They were all armed with sticks, and had that look of mischief and daring so unmistakable in a mob. As the young man stood looking at them, some one pointed him out to the rest, and a wild yell, mingled with hisses, now broke from the crowd. He was turning away from the spot in disgust when he found that Gill had stationed himself at the window, and barred the passage.

"The boys want another look at ye," said Gill, insolently; "go back and show yourself: it is not every day they see an informer."

"Stand back, you old fool, and let me pass," cried O'Shea.

"Touch me if you dare; only lay one finger on me in my own house," said the fellow; and he grinned almost in his face as he spoke.

"Stand back," said Gorman; and, suiting the action to the word, he raised his arm to make space for him to pass out. Gill, no sooner did he feel the arm graze his chest, than he struck O'Shea across the face; and though the blow was that of an old man, the insult was so maddening that O'Shea, seizing him by the arms, dragged him out upon the balcony.

"He's going to throw the old man over," cried several of those beneath, and, amidst the tumult of voices, a number soon rushed up the stairs and out on the balcony, where the old fellow was clinging to O'Shea's legs in his despairing attempt to save himself. The struggle scarcely lasted many seconds, for the rotten wood-work of the balcony creaked and trembled, and at last gave way with a crash, bringing the whole party to the ground together.

A score of sticks rained the blows on the luckless young man, and each time that he tried to rise he was struck back and rolled over by a blow or a kick, till at length he lay still and senseless on the sward, his face covered with blood and his clothes in ribbons.

"Put him in a cart, boys, and take him off to the jail," said the attorney, M'Evoy. "We'll be in a scrape about all this if we don't make *him* in the wrong."

His audience fully appreciated the counsel, and while a few were busied in carrying old Gill to the house—for a broken leg made him unable to reach it alone—the others placed O'Shea on some straw in a cart, and set out with him to Kilbeggan.

"It is not a trespass at all," said M'Evoy. "I'll make it a burglary and forcible entry, and if he recovers at all, I'll stake my reputation I transport him for seven years."

A hearty murmur of approval met the speech, and the procession, with the cart at their head, moved on toward the town.

A HORSE MARKET.

THERE is an unoccupied lot at the corner of Sixty-second Street and Second Avenue, some fifteen or twenty feet above the level of the street, where, every Wednesday and Saturday, old, disabled, or incurably vicious horses are sold either at private sale or at auction. The sight is not a pleasant one; nor is it agreeable to reflect that these valuable servants of man, after years of faithful toil, should be knocked down to new and generally worse masters, who are bound to get their money's worth out of them before they are finally sent to the bone-boilers. Our artist gives an illustration of one of these sales on page 1093.

The customers at these sales are generally a very hard set of men. Licensed vendors of truck and rags, too poor to buy a sound animal, cartmen who perhaps want a horse for a special job, and would just as lief kill him in a week, and farmers from the neighboring country in search of an extra horse for haying or harvesting, are the principal bidders on these occasions. It is rare to see a horse that fetches more than fifteen or twenty dollars: the average price is three to five. The transactions are always numerous, and it is really surprising that so many sick, old, and disabled horses can be got together and disposed of twice a week.

PHANTOM ARMIES.

ON the 29th of January, 1719, a Scottish gentleman, named Alexander Jaffray, Laird of Kingswells, was riding across a piece of wide and waste moorland to the westward of Aberdeen, when, about eight o'clock in the morning, he beheld—to his great alarm and bewilderment, as he states in a letter to his friend, Sir Archibald Grant, of Monymusk (printed by the Spaulding Club)—a body of about seven thousand soldiers drawn up in front of him, all under arms, with colors uncased and waving, and the drums slung on the drummers' backs. A clear morning sun was shining; so he saw them distinctly, and also a commander, who rode along the line, mounted on a white charger.

Dubious whether to advance or retire, and sorely perplexed as to what mysterious army this was, the worthy Laird of Kingswells and a companion, an old Scottish soldier who had served in Low Country wars, reined in their horses, and continued to gaze on this unexpected array for nearly two hours; till suddenly the troops broke into marching order, and departed toward Aberdeen, near which, he adds, "the hill called the Stockett tooke them out of sight."

Nothing more was heard or seen of this phantom force until the 21st of the ensuing October, when upon the same ground—the then open and desolate White-myres—on a fine clear afternoon, when some hundred persons were returning home from the yearly fair of Old Aberdeen, about two thousand infantry, clad in blue uniforms faced with white, and with all their arms shining in the evening sun, were distinctly visible; and after a space, the same commander on the same white charger rode slowly along the shadowy line. Then a long "wreath of smoak apiered, as if they had fired, but no noise" followed.

To add to the marvel of this scene, the spectators, who we have said were numerous, saw many of their friends, who were coming from the fair, pass *through* this line of impalpable shadows, of which they could see nothing until they came to a certain point upon the moor, and looked back to the sloping ground. Then, precisely as before, those phantoms in foreign uniform broke into marching order, and moved toward the Bridge of the Dee. They remained visible, however, for three hours, and only seemed to fade out or melt gradually away as the sun set behind the mountains. "This will puzzle thy philosophy," adds the laird at the close of his letter to the baronet of Monymusk; "but thou needst not doubt of the certainty of either."

Scottish tradition, and even Scottish history, especially after the Reformation, record many such instances of optical phenomena, which were a source of great terror and amazement to the simple folks of those days; and England was not without her full share of them, either; but science finds a ready solution for all such delusions now. They are chiefly peculiar to mountainous districts, and may appear in many shapes and in many numbers, or singly, like the giant of the Brocken—the spectator's own shadow cast on the opposite clouds, and girt with rings of concentric light—or like the wondrous fog-bow so recently seen from the Matterhorn.

Almost on the same ground where the Laird of Kingswells saw the second army of phantoms, and doubtless resulting from the same natural and atmospheric causes, a similar appearance had been visible on the 12th of February, 1643, when a great body of horse and foot appeared as if under arms on the Brigmman Hill. Accoutred with matchlock, pike, and morion, they looked ghost-like and misty as they skimmed through the gray vapor about eight o'clock in the morning; but on the sun breaking forth from a bank of cloud they vanished, and the green hill slopes were left bare, or occupied by sheep alone. Much about the same time another army was seen to hover in the air over the Moor of Forfar. "Quhilkis visons," adds the Commissary Spaulding, "the people thocht to be prodigious tokens, and it fell out owre trew, as may be seen hereafter."

Indigestion, heavy dinners, and heavier drinking had doubtless much to do in creating some of the spectral delusions of those days; and inborn superstition, together with a heated fancy, were often not wanting as additional accessories. But in the gloomy and stormy autumn that preceded the march of the Scottish Covenanters into England omens of all kinds teemed to a wonderful extent in the land. When Alaster Macdonnel, son of Coll the Devastator, as the Whigs named him, landed from Ireland, at the Rhin of Ardnamurchan, in Morven, to join the Scottish cavaliers under the Marquis of Montrose, then in arms for the king, it was alleged that the *hum* of cannon-shot was heard in the air, passing all over Scotland from the Atlantic to the German Sea; that many strange lights appeared in the firmament; and that, on a gloomy night in the winter of 1650, a spectre drummer, beating in succession the Scottish and English marches, summoned to a ghostly conference, at the castle gate of Edinburgh, Colonel Dundas of that ilk, a corrupt officer, who, on being bribed by gold, afterward surrendered to Cromwell the fortress, together with some sixty pieces of cannon.

All the private diaries and quaint chronicles of late years published by the various literary clubs in England and Scotland teem with such marvels, but the latter country was more particularly afflicted by them; omens, warnings, and predictions of coming peril rendering it, by their number and character, extremely doubtful whether Heaven or the *other place* was most interested in Scottish affairs.

In 1638 fairy drums were heard beating on the hills of Dun Echt, in Aberdeenshire, according to the narrative of the parson of Rothiemay; in 1643 we hear of the noise of drums "and apparitions of armyes" at Bankafair in the same county. "The wraith of General Leslie in his buff coat and on horseback, carrying his own banner with its bend *azure* and three buckles *or*, appeared on the summit of a tower at St. Johnstown. Science now explains such visions as the aerial Morgana, produced by the reflection of real objects on a peculiar atmospheric arrangement; but then they were a source of unlimited terror."

A folio of "Apparitions and Wonders," preserved in the British Museum, records that, at Durham, on the 27th of September, 1703, when the evening sky was serene and full of stars, a strange and prodigious light spread over its northwestern quarter, as if the sun itself was shining; then came streamers which turned to armed men ranked on horseback. J. Edmonson, the writer of the broadsheet, adds: "It was thought they would see the apparition better in Scotland, because it appeared a great way north; the same," he continues, gravely, "was seen in the latter end of March, 1704," and the battle of Hochstadt followed it. This must refer to the second battle fought there, which we call Blenheim, when Marshal Tallard was defeated and taken prisoner by Marlborough. But this wonderful light which turned to armed men at Durham was outdone by a marvel at Churchill, Oxfordshire, where (in the same collection) we find that, on the 9th January, 1705, *four suns* were all visible in the air at once, "sent for signs unto mankind," adds the publisher, Mr. Tookey of St. Christopher's Court, "and having their significations of the Lord, like the handwriting unto his servant Daniel."

In 1744 a man named D. Stricket, when servant to Mr. Lancaster, of Blakehills, saw one evening, about seven o'clock, a troop of horse riding leisurely along Souter Fell, in Cumberland. They were in close ranks, and ere long quickened their pace. As this man had been sharply ridiculed as the solitary beholder of a spectre horseman in the same place in the preceding year, he watched these strange troopers for some time ere he summoned his master from the house to look too. But ere Stricket spoke of what was to be seen, "Mr. Lancaster discovered the aerial troopers," whose appearance was as plainly visible to him as to his servant. "These visionary horsemen *seemed* to come from the lowest part of Souter Fell, and became visible at a place named Knott; they moved in successive troops (or squadrons) along the side of the Fell till they came opposite to Blakehills, where they went over the mountain. They thus described a kind of curvilinear path, their first and last appearances being bounded by the mountain." They were two hours in sight; and "this phenomenon was seen by *every person* (twenty-six in number) in every cottage within the distance of a mile."

During the middle of the last century a toll-keeper in Perthshire affirmed on oath, before certain justices of the peace, that an entire regiment passed through his toll-gate at midnight; but as no such force had left any town in the neighborhood, or arrived at any other, or, in fact, were ever seen any where but at his particular turnpike, the whole story was naturally treated as a delusion; though the Highlanders sought in some way to connect the vision with the unquiet spirits of those who fought at Culloden—for there, the peasantry aver, that "in the soft twilight of the summer evening solitary wayfarers, when passing near the burial mounds, have suddenly found themselves amidst the smoke and hurly-burly of a battle, and could recognize the various clans engaged by their tartans and badges. On those occasions a certain Laird of Culduthil was always seen amidst the fray on a white horse, and the people believe that once again a great battle will be fought there by the clans; but with whom, or about what, no seer has ventured to predict."

Shadowy figures of armed men were seen in Stockton Forest, Yorkshire, prior to the war with France, as the Leeds *Mercury* and local prints record; and so lately as 1812, much curiosity and no small ridicule were excited by the alleged appearance of a phantom army in the vicinity of hard-working, prosaic Leeds, and all the newspapers and magazines of the time show how much the story amused the skeptical, and occupied the attention of the scientific.

It would appear that between seven and eight o'clock on the evening of Sunday the 28th October, Mr. Anthony Jackson, a farmer, in his forty-fifth year, and a lad of fifteen, named Turner, were overlooking their cattle, which were at grass in Havarah Park, near Ripley, the seat of Sir John Ingilly, when the lad suddenly exclaimed, "Look, Anthony; what a number of beasts!"

"Beasts? Lord bless us!" replied the farmer, with fear and wonder; "they are *men!*" And as he spoke there immediately became visible "an army of soldiers dressed in white uniforms, and in the centre a personage of commanding aspect clad in scarlet." These phantoms (according to the Leeds *Mercury* and Edinburgh *Annual Register*) were four deep, extended over thirty acres, and performed many evolutions. Other bodies, in dark uniforms, now appeared, and smoke, as if from artillery, rolled over the grass of the park. On this Jackson and Turner, thinking they had seen quite enough, turned and fled.

Like the spells of the Fairy Morgana, which were alleged to create such beautiful effects in the Bay of Reggio, and which Fra Antonio Minasi saw thrice in 1773, and "deemed to exceed by far the most beautiful theatrical exhibition in the world," science has explained away or fully discovered the true source of all such spectral phenomena. The northern aurora was deemed by the superstitious, from the days of Plutarch even to those of the sage Sir Richard Baker, as portentous of dire events; and the fancies of the timid saw only war and battle in the shining streamers; but those supposed spectral armies whose appearance we have noted were something more, in most instances, than mere *deceptio visus*, being actually the shadows of *realities*—the airy reproductions of events bodily passing in other parts of the country reflected in the clouds, and imaged again on the mountain slopes, or elsewhere, by a peculiar operation of the sun's rays.

WOMEN IN FRANCE.

PARENTAL authority has always been carried to its utmost limit in France. Young men, however, have begun to free themselves somewhat from its power, while unmarried women, of all ages from infancy upward, are still subject to its almost unrestricted control; where the law does not support it, the weight of public opinion gives it a moral force against which resistance is almost impossible.

Next to the authority of parents comes the influence of the Catholic religion, which is still allowed to exercise an enormous power over the minds of Frenchwomen. To keep a human being naturally gifted with reason and intelligence in a condition of slavery to two such powers as these, the most essential thing is to crush the reason and stunt the intellect, parental authority being evidently designed by nature to take the place first and then assist the reason and intellect while in a state of infancy and childhood, but to cease with their full development, as priestly authority had its use in the infancy and youth of civilization. French parents confide the education of their daughters either entirely to the hands of the Church, or, at any rate, permit it such a control and supervision as almost entirely to answer the same purpose. Thus, as the priests are permitted to regulate what books shall or shall not be used in girls' schools, even when those schools are not, as they generally are, convents, the consequence is that while they are trained in a few outward graces, and taught a few superficial accomplishments, they are debarred from all really useful knowledge. Any thing that could shake their belief in the dogmas of the Church, and so weaken their submission to its authority, is studiously kept from them. And above all, they are guarded from every thing that could give them any sense or appreciation of their own capacities as women, and rights as human beings. That this control over the education of women given to the priests does not proceed from any slavish submission on the part of the educated portion of the population generally to the authority of the Church of Rome is manifest from the fact that in no other country in Europe, nominally Catholic, has the Catholic religion been so completely cast off by the male half of the population. The majority of Frenchmen who possess any education being avowed free-thinkers, it is plain that Frenchmen, while abjuring the control of the Church over their own thoughts and actions, assent to, approve of, and support its sway over the minds and actions of the women of their country as the most effectual means of securing their mental subjugation to themselves.

Frenchwomen obtain a partial freedom by marriage, but, as we all know, liberty is of very little use to those who have not been taught how to use it. And marriage, as even the advocates of the fullest and freest equality in it admit, involves personal restraints and obligations peculiar to itself. The imposition of these restraints and obligations is generally the last consummating act of French parental tyranny, imposed, as they are, quite regardless of the wishes or inclinations of one of the principal parties to the contract. The education and training, then, bestowed upon a French girl are but the fitting preparations for securing her submission to this final decree of the infallible authority of her home. Of men she knows nothing in any sense of the word. She has never associated with any beyond the narrowest limits of her home circle, and even in that she is kept as much apart from her brothers as possible, while her father speaks to her and treats her very much as she does her pet canary. Of the man she is to marry she knows as little as of any, possibly even less than of some. She may be somewhat versed in the arts of *coquetterie*, but of the physical conditions of marriage, with such an education as this, it is needless to say she knows nothing. This ignorance explains the willingness with which a French girl of sixteen or seventeen will submit to her father's behests, and contract a marriage that a woman of ripe years and understanding would shrink from with repugnance. But this "*innocence*" of the "*jeune personne*" so studiously cultivated and fostered in France, combined, as it is, with careful teaching, both by precept and example, of the arts of coquetry, is not innocence at all in the real sense of the word, but simple ignorance. This is plain by the conduct of Frenchwomen as soon as they obtain the partial liberty with the enlightenment and understanding that comes to them through entrance into the marriage state. It is amazing the rapidity with which the bashful "*jeune fille*," who scarcely ventured to raise her eyes, and never dared to open her lips in company, turns into the gay, daring woman of the world, who stretches her license to its utmost limit. It is in this phase of her career that she most generally falls under our notice—and under our disapprobation. But we must not overlook what are too often the conditions of the marriage state itself to a Frenchwoman when she enters on it. One is the fact that for the man to whom she has bound herself to be faithful she has not previously contracted any affection, and thus she is deprived of one very powerful incentive to fidelity. Another is that there are two sides to conjugal fidelity, upon one of which society—particularly French society—looks much more leniently than it does upon the other. Thus it is more merciful to a husband keeping a mistress than to a wife having a lover, at the same time that, with the charming inconsistency of its inexorable laws, it ordains that the mistress shall be kept out of its sight and out of its company, while the wife, if she would hold her position as such at all, must parade her lover before it on every possible occasion—the discovery of a secret amour being social ruin to a woman who, notwithstanding satirists and moralists, may hold her place in the world for a long time, perhaps forever, if she only make her cavalier and his devotion conspicuous enough.

Love has generally as little to do with a Frenchman's marriage as it has with a Frenchwoman's; the only difference being that, in his case, it is a matter of free-will and choice to contract such a marriage, while in hers it is not. A Frenchman, if he be poor, generally marries simply to replenish his purse; if he be rich, to beget legitimate children to inherit his fortune and perpetuate his name. That such love as he is capable of is already bestowed upon a woman whose poverty prevented her from satisfying the first condition, and the meanness of whose birth and position would incapacitate her for fulfilling the second with the distinction he would wish, is no barrier to him in the matter. Nor is his marriage, when concluded, any barrier to his continuing to indulge his passion for the woman who has excited and is able to sustain it. If she at any time ceases to do so, some other is found to supply her place, that other not being at all of necessity, and as a matter of fact being very rarely, the wife who bears his name and who is the mother of his heir.

That Frenchmen prefer unlawful to lawful connections is explainable by the fact that marriage, however weak and slavish a woman may be rendered by education, gives her some legal rights that, howsoever ignorant she may have been kept, she must know and may exercise; while a woman—called by a miserable irony a mistress—whose position is dependent solely on the caprice of her master will be utterly submissive and subservient to him. At the same time these women who sacrifice all personal dignity, freedom, and honor to become the slaves of men's passions and the toys of their caprice do obtain a position in France not accorded to them in any other country in Europe. But what is that position at its best? To be a petted, pampered slave, an admired, cherished toy, and nothing more.

And yet, wretched as this position is at its best, it is the one in which in France a woman is at the acme of her glory: she leads the fashion, that highest distinction in France; she is the recipient of all the adoration and affection that a Frenchman is able to spare from himself. And he can spare her a good deal, as she contributes perhaps more than any thing else to his personal gratification. There is some dull respectability in the position of a wife, but there is nothing else, unless she manage to assimilate it with that other—unless she combine being the wife of one man with being the mistress of another: under such circumstances, that she does it sometimes is scarcely to be wondered at. For the virtuous unmarried woman there is no position, no influence, no social recognition whatever. She must serve some man as his wife or his mistress to be of any value, or obtain any place whatever in the social system of France. The contempt for "old maids" is a feeling fast dying out in England and America before an enlightenment that recognizes a place and a work in the world for every one independently of the condition of their sex or the exercise of its functions; while in France the "*vieille fille*" is still the object of the greatest social obloquy and contempt—an individual whose existence is scarcely tolerated outside the walls of a convent.